

A  
**NEW ACADEMY:**  
OR, THE  
**Accomplish'd Secretary.**  
CONTAINING

Instructions to write Epistles; with many curious Examples of Letters, and Answers, suited to Love, Business, Friendship, and other Matters, in a most Elegant Stile.

Directions for True Pointing, or Stopping, in Writing Supercriptions of Letters suitable to Persons of all Qualities and Degrees, Inscriptions, Subscriptions, &c.

The Art and Mystery of Making Love, and proving Successful in it.

Quaint Dialogues, in Verse, and Prose.

Rules for Gentil and Accomplish'd Breeding, Behaviour, &c.

Select Poems on sundry Occasions; Complementary Expressions, Serious and Jocular, relating to either Sex; Acrosticks, Enigmas, Odes, Epigrams, Satyrs, and other rare Devices.

To which are Added

Many excellent new Songs, as they have lately been sung, and are now greatly in Request at Court, Balls, both Theatres and Musical Conforts of Entertainments.

*The Second Edition.*

LONDON, Printed for Roger Clavill, and sold by D. Midwinter and T. Leigh at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1699.





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# THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

READER,

**I** Present you with a Royal Posie, made up of the choicest Flowers of Wit and Elcquence, so fram'd and order'd, that it must consequently be pleasing to all Degrees and Capacities: So mix'd and interwoven with Variety of whatever is delightful, that, even intrenching somewhat on the strict Rules of Modesty, I am constrain'd to say, it exceeds all of this kind. By it, either Sex may abundantly benefit their Understandings, and enlarge their Fancies to an immense Degree, in finding what they never hit on before in all their tedious Search or Readings.

I must needs confess, that something to this purpose has been essay'd by divers curious Pens, and have gain'd a good Esteem; but it was never brought to so high a Pitch, nor have so

## The Preface.

many different Subjects, link'd to one another like a Golden Chain, been compriz'd in so small, nay, even the much larger Compass of any Volume. Pleasure and Profit spring up and intertwine like Roses and Gessimine, that with over-spreading Shades grace some stately Bower, affording Coolness and Fragrancy. But, lest I should be suspected of Partiality, it will be convenient that I say little more in Commendation of a Work that is of Ability to plead and set forth its own Cause to the World, into which it has enter'd even in these Censorious Times, without any Fear or Scruple of being treated ill, unless it has the hard Fortune by meer Chance to fall into the Hands of one, perhaps, among a Multitude, whose good Nature never extended it self, but to his own Off-spring: Yet, be it as it will, it shall not ask such Leave to live, but do it in spite of all they can object. So, in expectation of pleasing the good humour'd and bonest Part of Mankind, who are not carry'd away with Prejudice, I remain,

READER,

Your most faithful Friend  
and Servant,

E. S.



PLAIN  
DIRECTIONS

For Inditing

LETTERS

On sundry Occasions.

With LETTERS and ANSWERS on various Subjects and Matters, as they relate to Love, Business, Friendship, Visit, Commendation, Consolation and Familiar Letters, in a curious Stile, never before made publick.

*Some Instructions for the better Understanding how to write Letters, and their Usefulness, &c.*

**T**O write Letters in a Curious and Elegant Strain, suited to the various Occasions that often requires nicity, and soundness of Judgment, that the Stile, as well as the different Wordings, may be answerable to the Per-

son's Character you write to, and Matter the Letter is charged with, that there may be a kind of Harmony and apt Coherence, taking with the Reader, and wining upon his Affections, to comply with what is desired in many particulars, as the various Imergencies of Business, Obligations, Friendship, Passion in Love, and Things of the like nature, frame *Ideas* to the mind of the writer, in expectation of favourable Replies, or success.

Letters, next to the Voice, are the best Expressers of what we intend, wish, request, or any way desire to be obliged with our selves, or to oblige others withall that we Love, and wish well: And it is a Friendly Correspondence at a distance, Serviceable in all Employs that are publick, as well as in private Affairs, and many this way may express their Minds more pleasing to themselves, and others, than in words, especially Words Unpremeditated, they are able; for the Mind thus Communicated, the Paper blushes not, nor can be dashed out of Countenance, as many are that bear too much on their Verbal Eloquence, or Oratory, besides it remains as it was, and the Reader has it by him to refresh his Memory, and frame his Answer Correspondent to it, when Words could not afford that help, as being apt to slip out of the Memory, especially if no immediate Answer is proper to be given, as in many Cases it cannot be reasonably expected.

When you indite a Letter, (as I have hinted) Consider well to whom you direct it, and on what Occasion: If to Noble, or Ingenious Persons, suit your Stile accordingly: If to those of mean Capacities and Fortunes, Render your Words and Phrases not only easy, and Intelligible

ble to them, but Couch your Sentiments so as they may agree in every thing to be well taken for Complements, or strains of Eloquence to an inferiour Person, or one of mean Capacity, either makes such conclude you jear, or banter, or renders it unintelligable, and so consequently it comes short of their Esteem, and your Expectation, though in a smooth and easy strain. it is proper to use such Words and Expressions as may Insinuate into their good liking, unless in Letters of Reproof for Vices they are guilty of, or Reproach for Ingratitude, neglect of Favours received, or apparent Injuries done to you, or others, on whose behalf you may have occasion to write.

I might enlarge on this Theam, which has been highly prized and Laboured by the Learned and Ingenious of all Ages, but since Presidents have all a-long been held more edefying than Precepts, and better Instructive to every Capacity, I shall follow my usual Method in making but short Introductions to the several Subjects: I intend to Expose to your Serious and weighty Considerations, by whose Approbation or Dislike, they are to stand or fall, and as I have chosen Letters for my first Enterance on this Work, I shall give you Samples of such choice ones, fitted to all Occasions and Degrees of Persons, as never before were made publick in Writing or Print; out of which you may cull what is at any time proper for your use, at least with a little variation adapt them to suit your Affairs, be they of what nature or kind soever, to please your self, and those you Writ to, or by the drift of these to Frame such as your necessary Occasions require, for it cannot be expected I should fit examples to



*and Eloquence; or the*  
every ones Humour, but such as I have layed  
down, will undoubtedly be pleasing and advan-  
tagious to all.

---

*A Letter of Address from a Gentleman  
to a Lady.*

*Madam,*

**S**INCE I have esteemed it a happiness beyond  
Expression, to be blessed with a few moments  
of your Conversation, in gratitude for that favour,  
I am constrained humbly to address you, though  
at an awful distance, and make this Letter the  
Messenger of my weak Acknowledgment, to lay  
before you those Thanks for the Obligations you  
heaped upon me, which without some confusion  
and disorder I could not in your presence so con-  
veniently Express; for looking on your Beaute-  
ous Face with steady Eyes, cannot but strike the  
smootheest Orator either Dumb, when he goes  
about at first to unbosom his Thoughts, or put  
Stamering on his Tongue, and interrupt the  
flowing of his Eloquence. Pardon me then, if  
by this way I am imboldened to let you know  
your Perfections have gained a Conquest over me,  
and the chain I am bound with is too strong to  
be sundered, but by Death: This may seem  
strange and surprizing to you, and, indeed, I  
have concealed it as long as it was in my power,  
and had not dared at this time, considering the  
little merit I can pretend to, to move so far, had not  
my struggling Passion compelled me to seek Ease,  
by giving it a vent this way, and all the tender  
pitties that, like a pomp of wining Graces, wait  
on your compassionating Virtues, made room  
for

*Secretary's Valedictory*  
for this Approach: Let it then meet you in a smiling minute, when nothing has intruded to discompose your serene Temper, and bless these Lines with the warm rays of those bright Eyes, whose Light alone can unbenight a mind that Wanders now in Paths of Doubts and Fears, and must be Lost on the dark mountains of Dispair, if that relief be wanting: O! then be kind, as you are fair, and send a Line or two to tell me, (without offending) I may see you once again, that in my Looks (if words should fail) you may at leisure Read the Passions of my Soul, and kindly heal the Wounds that you have made: In earnest Expectation of so inestimable a favour, I remain

Madam,

*Your most humble and devoted Servant,*

R. C.

---

*The Answer, in a doubtful manner.*

SIR,

**I**N a hurry of important Affairs I received your Letter, and was much surprized to find what I the least of all Expected. It seemed to me at first a strain of Gallantry, used by some to expatiate their Wit and Eloquence; but on more serious thoughts I knew it not your Custom to be so vehement in Expressions, without some real Cause, tho' I must truly own our Acquaintance short, and therefore you cannot reasonably expect, that without Blushes I have constrained myself to send these Lines at your Request; yet by

The Character I have received from others of your Worth, I think I am not mistaken in you ; and without straining modesty, or the nicest Rules Custom has tied our Sex to walk by, I may so far gratify a Gentleman of your Extract and Ingenuity, as to admit a Visit ; but as for Love, that has hitherto been a stranger to my Breast, nor is it for Woman to Entertain so subtil a Guest on a suddain, by whose Power and Policy so many of our Sex have been betrayed and ruined, therefore when you come expect me on my Guard, till I am assured by time, and all the virtuous ways Love can be tried, that I have no Enemy to deal withall ; however presume not on this condescending, that I am now resolved to part with my Heart to any, yet calm your troubled Thoughts, and hope the best, but let not hopes run higher than you have reason to expect, lest by frustration your Mallady grow worse, if it be really already as you have imparted it, and so leaving you to weigh what I have said, and make your Visit short and seasonable, my House is at your service ; and so I rest in Friendship, and no more at present,

*Your Well-wisher,*

M. G.

---

*A Letter from one Friend to another.*

SIR,

Since you have taken your self from me, I have found my self not a little uneasy, as it were altogether alone, for where the Mind ( like the Turtle ) wants its Mate, or familiar Conversation,  
even



even in Crouds, it seems to be destitute of Company, because not agreeable to it, and therefore rather troublesom than facetious and consorting; as for your Affairs I will conclude them very Urgent and Weighty, that they may Excuse to me the Suggestions that otherwise might start up, to charge on you a neglect of Friendship, therefore I will perswade my self the Cause of delay beyond the promised time, is not in your Will, but necessity, and so look upon it more your Misfortune than your fault; however wind up the Clue of your Negotiations as fast as you can, and snap off some knotty, or trivial ends of little moment, and Sacrifice them to my impatient desires of Enjoying your good Company, and in so doing you will highly Oblige

*Yours, in the strictest Ties of  
Amity and Friendship,*

B. D.

*The Answer.*

*My dear Friend,*

**Y**OU have indeed Cause to chide me, for my neglect of returning punctually at my time, and I with a willing patience bear the Reproof, because it is just, but my greatest grief is, that my absence is so irksom to you, though at the same time, some Sparkles of joy dart into the Chaos of Sorrow, and Enlighten it, when I consider that our Friendship is real, Cordial and Substantial; you have rightly concluded, it is not a concern of little Moment that has detained me from you, but of such value that even the Charmingest

*Mistress*

8. *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

Mistress neither by Commands, nor Tears, could make me leave it unfinished, nor when she heard my Reasons could think her self injured in my disobeying. Pardon me, dear Friend, for this uncouth Comparison, for the name of Friendship, sounds more Musical in my ear than that of Love, and striks more harmoniously on the Strings of my Heart; but to be plain, since I came down into the Country my Uncle, after a short sickness died, made me his Heir, and his Estate seems yet unsettled, requiring time to do it, which I will dispatch with all celerity, and then no Wind nor Weather shall part us Long: The only Fault in this I can charge my self guilty off is, my not Writing to you to let you know the true cause of my stay beyond my limited time; this I own, and ought to be chid for; but a conceit came into my mind, that at our next meeting, the Surprizing News would the more Compleat your happiness, but since you have before hand wrung it from me, least returning no reasonable Excuse, I should be suspected of luke-warmness in Friendship, I hope it will be some satisfaction to you, and plead on my behalf: So in expectation very speedily to be with you, and satisfy you in what else you shall desire to know, I am

*Your unalterable Friend in all Respects,*

C. G.

---

*A Letter from a Father to a Son, to Exhort  
him to a Virtuous Scber Life.*

SON,

**I** Have taken occasion to write to you out of  
a Fatherly Tenderness for your Good and  
Wel-

Well-fare, minding you that being seperated many Miles, you have regard to those Precepts I have all along layed down for your Instruction ; be cautious to avoid the Snares and Subtillties of such as are Industrious to intrap and mislead Youth, in the ruinous ways of Vice, whose Attendants are Shame and Disgrace ; let not the Tempting Smiles of Beauty, misguide you from the Road of Virtue, lest blindfoldly rushing on ruin when your Eies are opened, by sad Experience you find too late the Miseries that attend on those unhappy Enterprizes to the confusion of your self, inexpressible grief of your Parents, and bringing a stain on your Posterity, and of this many fatal Examples are extant, which should stand as Sea-marks to others, to keep them from splitting on the dangerous Rocks of Folly and Madness ; Virtue in it self is lovely, and had it no reward it is to be desired, whilst vice is Troublesom and tedious to Life imbitters the seeming pleasures it brings, and as Virtue embalms and preserves a good Name, so Vice corrupts and destroys it, making it perish before it is well known to have a being in your Recreations ; be moderate, and rather let them appear your diversion, than look any ways as if you made them your business, consider to what end you was sent into the World, and level your Aim at the Center of true Happiness, and so by all the ways of Virtue, and a sober Life, be kind to your self, as you are dear to your Parents, so shall the Cost, Labour and tender care bestowed on you, turn to their expected ends, that all sides may rejoice, and no repinings found, which is the earnest wish, and hearty desire of

*Your tender and ever loving Father,*

R. P.

*The*



*The Answer.**Honoured Sir,*

I have received your Letter of good Advice, and find in it the constant current of your tender Affections towards me, and am constrained in all Obedience to acknowledge my self infinitely bound and indebted to you, the Author (next to Heaven) of my being, and well being, though like a poor Bankrupt, I finding my self unable to repay what you have so liberally Intrusted me withall, yet so as I can, the willingness of my mind, shall Express in the whole business of my Life, the desire I have to make you all the Satisfaction I am able, though it will prove too poor a Return, and you may justly claim it as the Interest of your Goodness, whilst I must ever stand Indebted to you for the Principle: And as a greatful Begining, That Vice you charge me to shun I shall avoid as Blasting, Lightning, or the Threatning of Tempesteous Clouds big with Thunder-bolts; your Example has showed me the way of Virtue and Sobriety, and heitherto I have found such pleasure and contentment in them, that no inticing gaudy Delusions, Vanities, or gilded pleasures have power to turn my eyes after them: In this I labour to be known your Son, and if you had no worldly Estate to leave me, should conclude my self abundantly Rich in becoming the Heir of your Virtues, the Thoughts of which is to me such a satisfactory Treasure, that the *India's* with all their Mountains shining Gold, shall not purchase it. So entreating you to rest assured, that nothing shall make me degenerate from so good and Loving a Father, in  
the

the Minuteſt Point, as far as I am able to copy ſo worthy a Pattern, with my earneſt Prayers for your Length of Days, laſting Health and Happineſs, I now, and to the lateſt Period of my Life, ſhall remain,

*Your moſt obedient and dutiful Son,* C. P.

*A Letter of thanks for favours Received.*

*Worthy Sir,*

**H**AVING no Returns at preſent in my power, but a Greatful Acknowledgment for the many Favours you have heaped upon me, and the good Offices you have done me, with all Submiſſion I humbly intreat you to accept this Tribute of Thankfulneſs, and all the ſtedfaſt Promiſes that can flow from one not uſed to flatter, or break his Word where he is able to keep it, that the future Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be mainly devoted to your Service: And if any thing my poor Endeavours are capable to ſet forth may prove worthy of your Acceptance, I ſhall conclude I have gain'd a Height, that at preſent, though with little hopes of attaining, I am aſpiring to; yet, cheriſhing my Deſires to ſerve you all manner of ways I can conceive proper to make you a weak Amends, let me beg, you would conſtrue my good meaning for the beſt; ſo ſhall my Encouragement redouble, and ſprout up in a Crop of Gratitude, to produce a Harveſt manur'd by Time to your Advantage. So, in hopes of your continued Favours, and good Opinion, I humbly ſubſcribe my ſelf,

**SIR,** *An Honourer of your Virtues, and  
moſt obliged Servant to command,*

A.C.  
*The*

*The Slighted Lover, to his Scornful Mistress.*

MADAM,

Compell'd by a Passion, over which I have no Command, but am constrain'd to follow its Dictates, I have presum'd once more to persecute you with these Lines; lowly begging Pardon if herein I offend, beseeching you to excuse it on the Score of that Love your Beauty has fix'd in a disturb'd and much afflicted Mind, that before was calm as a Halcion Sea, whose Waves lie smooth and unrumpled by the least Breathings of the Wind; till unhappi'y, like an unadvised Mariner, not taking the Warning of others, or foreseeing the Storm, I rashly launch'd too far into the Deep to recover at my pleasure the safe Haven I left; and now am driving to and fro, as the bandying Billows of Hope and Despair are pleas'd to carry me: Reason, my Pilot, in vain labours to guide the Helm, and stem the Torrent of the many Miseries that are foreseen and like'y to befall me. My Hope, which is the Compass to guide me to you, my desired Happiness, moves uncertain as clog'd with the crouding Dangers of thickening Despair, which is forming it self into a more violent Tempest than Words can express, gathering new Force from your Frowns, to shipwreck the Man that is no ways able to resist his Destiny; who finds no Means to save him in the Overwhelmings of his Misfortune, unless you, who are Commandress of his Fate, step in, and stretch forth your Hand to save him from sinking; or with the Sun-shine of your Smiles dispel the benighting Clouds that involve him. If Sighs and Tears can move that Pity in you, they are not



not wanting. Oh, be kind, as you are fair! and then my Lease of Life will be renew'd: But if your Frowns and Scorns continue, the shorter time I live, the happier will it be for him, who, with his parting Breath, will not fail to breath Blessings on you. However, in a doubtful Expectation after all, that you pardon, and receive me into your Favour; I humbly crave Leave to subscribe my self

*Your devoted Servant in Life or Death,* W. G.

---

*A Letter of Consolation to a Lady, on the Death of her Husband, &c.*

*MADAM,*

**I** Have taken a Freedom to intrude on your Solitude, and send these few Lines to find you out in your melancholy Retirement. Cause you have to grieve for so sensible and irreparable a Loss; and my Tears would flow equal with yours, were they capable of repairing it, or bringing back from the Grave what is laid up in the gloomy Regions of Death till the Morning of the Resurrection. But since neither Millions of flowing Eyes, nor the Riches of the Universe, can purchase his Return, or restore your departed Happiness, Reason bids you moderate your Grief, and not impair your Health for a Loss that is out of the Reach of Time, and can be no more till the Commencement of Eternity. Let it satisfy you, that you have had so large a Portion of Contentment; and think that all things below are transitory and fading, that nothing is long at a stay,

stay, that Time winds off our Lives, and we are already dead to that which is past, and know not how much we shall enjoy of that which is to come. Consider then, that to live well is our only Business, and that a vertuous Life embalms our Names even in the Dust; and since we have so small Assurance of any thing we otherwise seem to prize, let it be sufficient, that Dying well is a Blessing not so well understood as it ought. And since this has been the Happiness of the Deceased, your immoderate Sorrow for his Departure, were it not excused by so entire an Affection as you bore him, would look as if you envy'd him the Blessedness he is gone to possess: And that Spirit that is now freed from the Cares and Incumbrances of this Life, were it sensible of your Grief, would, past all peradventure, chide you for it. Be kind to your self then, in not suffering your tender Mind to be wounded with Arrows that drink up your Spirits. Be not sorrowful like those without Hope, but raise your Soul on the Wings of Consolation; and let it be your Joy, though now you are parted, that one Day you shall meet again, never to be separated, but be united in an eternal and unalterable State, to joy in Seraphick Love, which here was but shadow'd to you, and imperfect; such a transcendent, exalted Love, as far exceeds the Expressions of Men or Angels. Therefore, to conclude, lay all Excess of Grief aside on this Account, since no Sorrow, but for Sin, is available; and so you will better please God, befriend your self, and answer the Expectations of the Well-wisher to your Health and prosperous Estate: Who begs Leave to subscribe himself,

M A D A M,

*Your Friend to serve you,* R. T.

*A Letter*

*A Letter of Advice from a Mother to a Daughter.*

*Dear Daughter,*

**S**INCE your Absence my Thoughts have not been unemploy'd to study what may redound to your Good. You cannot be insensible how careful and tender I have been over you, with all the reasonable Indulgence of an Affectionate Parent, to cultivate your sprouting Years in the Ways of Vertue. Now you are in the Bloom of your Age, be wise and careful in what you undertake; let no vain Imaginations wander in your Mind, let Pride be a Stranger to you, and look on Flattery with Detestation, lest they prove Snares to intrap your Vertue; and then a World of Misfortunes will, like a Torrent, break in upon you, not to be stayed. Keep your Eyes from alluring Objects, lest they prove Inlets to betray your Heart, and lead you beyond the Guidance of Reason, and so you stumble on your Ruin. In all your Words and Actions be modest and sober, courteous and humble: Shun affected Ways, and let Vanity have no place in you. Let your Conversation be with the Grave and Serious: Shut your Ears to what is obscene, or profane; let them not be the Conveyers of any thing to your Soul that may fix the least Blemish or Stain on it; but in all things so order your Affairs, and behave your self, that the most Censorious may have nothing to fasten on you to your prejudice. If you are dispos'd to alter your Condition, let nothing be done in it without mature Deliberation; let no hasty Passion surprize you: Rather make choice of the Beauty of the Mind, than Comeliness of



of the Body: And in so weighty an Affair, trust not too fondly to your own Judgment, but be advis'd by those who are more knowing than your self; always making Passion subordinate to sound Judgment and Reason. Much more I might intimate to you; but, not to be over-tedious, this at present may serve to direct to what may further you in the Degrees of Vertue, that growing up in them to a height, you may intail to your self and your Posterity a good Name, which will embalm your Memory more lasting than Beauty, Riches or Honour: Which that it may succeed, is the cordial Wish of

*Your Affectionate Mother,* A. D.

---

*A Letter from a Gentleman, to his Mistress, whom he had offended, to beg her Pardon.*

MADAM,

**L**Ike a trembling, guilty Prisoner, I prepare to receive my Sentence from your fair Lips; and yet, before it passes on me, I must beg leave to say, I am not so criminal as I have been represented; yet, not to contend, I willingly submit my self to your impartial Senfure, without extenuating my Offence: But if an ingenuous Confession of my Crime, or a hearty Sorrow conceiv'd at the Sense of it, can any ways atone to gain Compassion, that these are not wanting in me, consider before you pass my Doom, that the Affliction I suffer for having dared to give the least Cause of Displeasure to so much exalted Goodness is already a great Punishment to me; and if you  
add

add a Mite of your severe Resentment to it, I must unavoidably sink under it. My Crime, again, was more my Misfortune, than my Fault; and therefore may stand somewhat fairer for Pardon, or at least, the Abatement of the Rigour I by wilful offending might justly have merited. You are fair as the Expanse of Heaven, spangled with all its Seeds of Light; and as Mercy is found there for humble Penitents, so you being a Copy, externally of that visible Brightness, cannot but internally sympathize with it in Goodness, which will render you yet more lovely. But, however you determine to deal with me, void of repining, I patiently submit; and will not only labour in some measure to expiate my Offence, but ever remain

*Your sensibly afflicted and sorrowful Servant, A.G.*

*The Answer.*

SIR,

**T**Hough the Resentment of the Injury done to my Fame is so great, that I might justly have refused to return any Answer; yet, conceiving what you writ to me was from the Sincerity of your Heart, you shall see, upon your returning Repentance, that I am not inexorable, but, though sensible of the Injury done me, can condescend to pardon, but not admit you to the Station you held in my Esteem, till by pregnant Proofs or Demonstration I am entirely satisfied your Repentance is unfeigned: And I must caution you by the way, that till then you appear not to me, lest you start into another Transgression; which though less capital, yet from that Moment I shall

I shall for ever blot you out of the fair Record of my Kindness, wherein once I enrolled you. So leaving the rest to your discreet and prudent Conduct, I shall not go on with any further Admonition, but remain, as you behave your self,

*Your Friend to serve you,* M. N.

---

*A Letter of Thanks to a Person of Honour,  
for Favours and Benefits received.*

*May it please your Honour,*

**I**N Expectation of Pardon for this Presumption, I humbly take the Boldness to return you my most unfeigned Thanks for the many Favours you have heap'd on me, though in my own esteem not worthy of them, therefore I am justly compell'd to attribute all to your Goodness and Compassion; for which I tender to your Honour, as the best Offering I am at present able to make, a submissive Acknowledgment; and hope Time may enable me to do something that may be worthy of your Notice, if the whole Business of the remaining Days I have to live can furnish out ought that may in some moderate degree be pleasing to you, so as you may own it as the Product of your Bounty, though it then may appear but a poor Return; however, graced with your Acceptance, it will raise it in value in mine and the World's Esteem. Wherefore, beseeching your Honour to have a favourable Opinion of the Willingness of my Mind to serve you in every thing I may, I do with all Submission to, and Reliance on your Goodness,



Goodness, humbly beg Leave to subscribe my self

*Your Honour's most dutiful and obliged Servant, A.E.*

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*A Letter from a Wife to her Husband.*

*My Dear,*

**Y**OUR Absence from me being more tedious than you can easily conceive, I find my self constrain'd to mind you of a speedy Return. Time, that seem'd when you was here to run too fast, now seems tediously to move, as if its Wheels were clog'd, and Minutes had took up the space of Hours; the Nights are restless, and the Days unpleasant to me; my Wishes and my Hopes are troublesome, since they come crowding on unanswer'd: Pardon me then if I must chide, and tax you with Unkindness, since the Time set for your Return is already past; and when I shall warm your Lips with Kisses remains to me as yet uncertain. Take not this, however, in the worst Sense, nor think it over-fondness: However, I leave you partly to your Liberty in those Particulars, so you will speedily gratifie me in returning home. I please my self sometimes indeed, in reflecting that it must be weighty Affairs, unexpectedly fallen out, that detain you; or else I might, upon sudden Starts of Imagination, be apt to tax you with Lukewarmness or Indifferency in Affection. But however things stand, send me your Answer, or rather bring it your self: Till then I remain,

*Your loving, though impatient Wife, A.G.*

*The Answer.*

HONEY,

**I** Am sorry I have not in so long a time written to you, to inform you of the Occasion of my so long Absence; I wanted no good Will to do it, but a Conveniency of sending it, being so far out of the Post-Road, about urgent Affairs. Take not this as a feign'd Excuse, but a Reality: My Business is now drawing near a Conclusion, which will redound to the Advantage of us both. You seem something Comical with me in your Stile; and I hope at my Return to satisfy your Expectation in all Particulars. Let no Doubts or Fears dwell on your Mind, that my Love to you can abate: No charming Beauty shall tempt me to injure you. So wishing you Rest and Happiness, in Expectation of following my Letter in a few Days, I am

*Your most affectionate Husband, P. G.*

---

*A Congratulatory Letter to a Friend, on his Recovery of Health.*

*Dear Friend,*

**O**UR long Acquaintance, and entire Friendship, made the Report of your Indisposition so sensible to me, that Joy was a Stranger to my Mind, and many anxious Fears hover'd about, till the pleasing News arriv'd that the Danger was past; then a quick surprizing Gladness darted it self into my Soul; the cloudy Face of things that repre-

represented frightful Ideas, brightned, and cleared up; and since being confirm'd of your Recovery, the Alteration in me is such, that People wonder at the Change, who are ignorant of the Cause. May your Health long continue, in all Particulars, as comfortable and lasting as our Friendship; and then there will be no need of the tedious, or rather afflicting Trouble of Physicians. My Visit to you shall be as speedy as may be, to compleat my Joy in your Embraces. In the mean time, be careful of yourself, to prevent a Relapse, as you tender the Felicity of

*Your Cordial Friend and Servant, L. D.*

*The Answer.*

*Worthy Friend,*

**T**HE Pains of my Distemper, when they raged highest, did not so much afflict me, as the Concern you express for me rejoices me. Heaven, indeed, has been propitious to snatch me from the Brink of the Grave, and lengthen my Days, that we might see one another again; which is to me, next the Opportunity I have, renewed, in my Hands, to make Preparation for an Eternal Felicity, the greatest Joy. My Weakness agrees not with my Mind, to pay the first Visit; and therefore it pleads on my behalf for an Excuse: However, my Mind and good Wishes constantly attend you; therefore, to render my Recovery yet more perfect, let me see you as soon as possible. So with my hearty Thanks for the Concern you have had for me, even to the Disturbance



22 *Will and Elegance; or the*  
sturbance of your own Repose, I, till then, im-  
patiently remain

*Your much obliged Friend, R. G.*

---

*A Letter to a Friend beyond the Seas, to  
enquire of his Health and Welfare.*

SIR,

**Y**OUR sudden Removal, and the Distance that  
now divides us, has made me somewhat  
earnest to seek an Opportunity of writing to you,  
in hopes Fortune will so favour this Letter, as to  
bring it safe to your Hands, that it may find you  
in health, and your Undertakings prosperous;  
which would be so agreeable to my Wishes, that  
the certain Knowledge of it would be very much  
pleasing to me. I doubt not your Understand-  
ing and Promptness in the Affairs you have en-  
terprised; nor your Industry and Ingenuity in  
performing and propagating what may tend to  
your Advantage; but being in a strange place,  
many Disappointments may happen, that would  
intangle the most pregnant Wit. But, hoping  
none of those Difficulties will incumber you in  
your Negotiations, all that I more can desire at  
present, is, to hear from you, that thereby I may  
be made sensible how it stands with you in every,  
or, at least, the most material Particulars; which  
will be a great Satisfaction to

*Your Friend to serve you |  
in all reasonable Respects, P. C.*

*The Answer.*

SIR,

**I** Received yours of the 20th past, *Old Stile*; and in all Gratitude, as I am justly bound, return you my hearty Thanks for your Care of, and good Wishes towards me. As to what you are desirous to know, I shall give you that Satisfaction in the best manner. I not only found favourable Seas and Winds in my Passage, but the like Reception in the Port of *L*— where I now reside. The Business I undertake, is at present somewhat difficult; but Diligence and Care will soon surmount those Difficulties. Blessed be the Eternal Disposer and Governor of all things, through his Mercy I enjoy my Health here in that full Perfection I brought it from my Native Shoar, and hope it will so continue, though in a distant Climate. We enjoy Plenty, and have a Prospect of gaining Riches by Trade. The Country abounds with all things necessary. And so, in hopes at my Return to give you a satisfactory Account of my Proceedings, with my hearty Love to you, and all our Friends, I remain

*Your most obliged Friend, B. L.*

---

*A Letter Congratulatory to a Friend, on his Marriage.*

*Dear Friend,*

**T**HE News of your changed Condition coming to my Ear, I could not but conclude my self obliged to congratulate you on your Access to so great a Happiness as I find you are, in

all probability to enjoy thereby, if so great a Treasure of Beauty and Vertue can be contributing to the Felicity of Mankind; as, undoubtedly, they are not the least Augmenters of Worldly Pleasures and Delights; nay, they reach somewhat higher, as coming near Angelical Perfection; especially where united Minds move harmoniously, and Souls, as well as Bodies, intertwine and mix an inexpressible Amity. Therefore live happy as I can wish you, that passing by Degrees to the highest Perfection attainable on this side Heaven, your Loves may here banish all anxious Cares from your Breasts, and hereafter be perfected in endless Felicity; which is the Desire, and cordial Wish of

*Your faithful Friend and Servant, T. C.*

---

*John to Joan; a plain Country Love-Letter.*

*Honest Joan,*

**I** know not what is the matter with me; but but sure I am, ever since I saw you last, I have had something strangely hanging on my Mind; it seems weighty and troublesome to me, so that my Business goes on very tediously and slowly; my Sleep is disturb'd, and I find my self in all Affairs uneasie: Therefore, in hopes to make Things more agreeable to me, I have disburthen'd my Trouble a little by writing to you; for, in truth, after having ruminated a World of Matters, what should be the Cause of all this Hurly-burly, I begin to suspect it is Love, though I cannot be well assured of it, because I do not remember I ever was enamour'd in my Life: So  
that



that it being a new and strange Disease to me, I earnestly intreat your Opinion and Advice in it, as you tender my Health and Welfare; for, certainly, both are at stake; I cannot long continue thus. I know you are not hard-hearted, and therefore I doubt not but you will be my kind Physician if you can find out a Remedy for me: Nay, if the Application must be your own self, I hope you will not deny it, to prevent the ill Consequences that otherwise may be extreamly prejudicial to.

*Your Well-wisher, and humble Servant, J. B*

*The Answer.*

*Honest John,*

**I** Receiv'd your Letter, which I read over many times, because I was often puzzl'd to understand it. You tell me you are in much Disorder since you saw me, and yet know not well what you ail. I am sorry any thing in me (if it were so) should give you the least Disturbance; for, truly, I am not desirous to injure any body, particularly your self, for whom I have no common Esteem. And therefore, if it should happen to be Love, as you seem to hint it may be, that causes this Whirl-wind of Confusion in your Mind, do not despair of a Remedy if I can apply it; for you have truly said of me, I am not hard-hearted, and therefore must not suffer you, if I can help it, to run into any ill Consequences for my sake. I know not well what more to say, as being restrain'd by my Blushes. However, I shall be at the next Wake; and if you think it worth your while to meet me at Gammer Gubbins's, it may be

both of us together may happen to find out the Cause of your Perplexities, which you singly seem somewhat at a loss to do. So, with my kind Respects to you, wishing you quiet Repose, I remain,

*Yours in all Friendly Offices, J. A.*

*The Injur'd Lover, to his filting Mistress.*

MADAM,

**W**AS it not enough to cast your Frowns and Scorns upon me, which beclouded Night I passed over with Patience; but that when the Morning-beams of your Smiles arose upon me, and darted Joy into my Soul, like the Eastern Rays of Light, you should, after having so long afflicted me, so soon eclipse the Comforts you allow'd me, to make amends for what you had unjustly made me suffer; and this, not only by removing your Favours from me, but, the more sensibly to grieve me, in placing them on one who by his Service has not merited the least of your Smiles. By this you make good the Similes appropriated to your Sex, who are compar'd to the unconstant Winds and Seas; which, when they flatter with prosperous Gales and Calms to tempt us from a safe Harbour, soon change into Storms and mounting Surges, to shipwreck and intomb us in inevitable Ruin. Consider seriously what I have done and suffer'd for you, without the least repining, till you prov'd your self thus inconstant; and by your Ingratitude, constrain'd me to upbraid you with Fickleness and Wavering. Oh! that Heaven should make so beautiful a Frame, to contain  
a Soul

a Soul not worthy of it! But Time may come, when your dear, and too late Repentance may sensibly re-mind you of the Injuries you have done me; and own with Sighs, that you have causlessly wrong'd the Man who deserv'd a gentler Treatment. May the just Powers, who have heard your Vows and Promises, touch your Mind, and let you see in time what will be the sad Consequences of breaking them without the Shadow of a Cause; and by an awful Dread of the Punishment due for such Offences, restore you to your self, to move and act as becomes a chaste and virtuous Woman. So resigning my Cause to the Supreme Being, and appealing to his Tribunal, to right my Wrongs, I remain, as you have us'd me,

Your injur'd and disconsolate Servant, B. D.

*A Letter from a Wife, to an unkind Husband.*

Dear Husband,

**T**Hough you can so easily forget, or lightly pass over your Marriage-Vows, the sacred Ties of our Nuptials, I cannot with such Facility recede from mine, nor forbear to re-mind you of your own. Had I given just Occasion for the Sights and Injuries you put upon me, I could have born my Affliction with Silence; but since in Justice or Conscience you can lay no Faults to my Charge worthy of the Sights you put upon me, I may reasonably accuse you of monstrous Impiety and Ingratitude, yet pray, at the same time for your Conversion, hoping you will call your, sense and Reason to aid you, and by strug-



ling with your headstrong Passions and Frailties, labour to overcome them; and not by continuing obstinate, gain a Reproach to your self, whilst you triumph in my Afflictions. Consider the Tenderness I have always born you, and the unalterable Stedfastness of my Affections towards you; call to mind my unspotted Love, with all the Respects and duty of an obedient Wife; and then reason with your self, whether such Constancy has met you in the Smiles and alluring Flatteries of those that have drawn you to Vice and Folly; and if Lawless Love has blinded your Eyes, these serious Deliberations will open them, to see that they only, like Swallows, sing their Flatteries to the Summer Season of your Prosperity; but when a Winter of Adversity, or a more advantageous Opportunity offers, they will fly to a warmer Sun, and leave you to bemoan your unadvised Incredulity. More I might add, would Grief and falling Tears permit; but hoping this will in some measure sensibly touch you, and soften your obdurate Heart to a relenting, so that you may again assume your self, who are now degenerated, and fallen from the noble Accomplishments of your Sex, Reason and Humanity, I take Leave to subscribe my self,

*Your ever loving, though much injur'd Wife, E. R.*

---

*A Letter of Recommendation of a Young  
Gentleman to his Mistress.*

MADAM,

**T**HE Friendship that has hitherto passed between us, has embolden'd me to seek your  
Good

Good in a very nice Point; but how agreeable it will be to you, I undertake not to determine; leaving that to Time, and your own Sentiments. I should be guilty of a great Errour in Friendship, if I should not confess you have a discerning Judgment, to distinguish true Worth from that which only appears so. But not to hold you any longer in suspense, craving your Pardon, I have presum'd to recommend this Gentleman, the Bearer, to you, who is ambitious to be your Servant for Life, he having wholly, as I understand from himself, devoted his Affections and Service to you. That he is worthy; and of good Parentage, I give you my Engagement; but in a Matter so weighty, I must submit the rest to your Approbation, or Censure. However, being ever desirous of your Welfare, I have readily, as I hope, contributed to it; for, in all probability, if you make your Choice here, you will not miss of that Degree of Happiness that may yet raise what you possess higher. So leaving the rest to your discreet Management, I humbly beg Leave to subscribe my self

M A D A M,

*Your unfeigned Friend, and Well-wisher, M. L.*

---

*A Letter to mind one of his or her Promise.*

S I R,

**H**AVING receiv'd your Promise of Kindness, I cannot constrain my self to believe you made it without Intention to perform it; supposing the Non-performance hitherto rather Forgetfulness,

fulness, or the Effects of extraordinary Business, than daring to suspect you have laid your Intentions of that nature aside; which has embolden'd me to re-mind you of it, and desire with Earnestness that, your Intent being to do me good, you will with all convenient Speed put those Intentions in practice, not doubting of your willingness herein, whose Courtesie has not been a Stranger towards me; yet rather inforc'd by my own Necessities, and the continual Remembrance of my unprovided State, than by any other Motive, I make these Lines my urgent Solicitors of your expected Promise; which bearing in their Front the Marks of Importunity, may move you, in Compassion to your Friend, not to slip an Occasion, but, with as much Haste as Willingness, to accomplish what your Thoughts had favourably form'd for me. So always remembering how many Ways I am oblig'd to you, I remain, on account of your Courtesies, rather studious to think of them, than any ways able to requite them,

*Your humble and obliged Servant, T.W*

---

*A Letter from a passionate Lover, to his Mistress, upon receiving a Letter from her.*

*Gracious Object of my pleasing Thoughts, }  
and Mistress of my Affections, }*

**T**HE Lines you sent me, came as seasonable refreshing Balm, to heal the Wounds your fair Eyes had deeply inflicted on my Soul; comfortable as Rain to the parched Earth; or refreshing Fountains, and cooling Shades, to the panting



ing Traveller in a scorching Wilderness; especially, knowing that their Premeditation had Issue from your Peerless excellencies, and the Touch of those Letters passed the Guidance of your fair Hand: How sharp or powerful soever the Weight of them are, the less shall be my Grief, in that she whom I honour and esteem above all others, hath vouchsafed to commend to my Lot the Accomplishment of all those Excellencies which none but her self can pargonize; and wherein she only excels all others. Vouchsafe, most gracious Mistress, that what unto you is intended to be pleasing, may not seem disgraced by the Ornament of Eloquence; the sovereign and praise-worthy Glory whereof beautifies both Speech and Reason. Too dull are my Senses, I confess, to blaze forth your Merits; your Accomplishments being so manifold, that those of the whole Sex may seem to centre in you. Then be pleased to deem of my Love, as of your own Deservings; the Foundation whereof cannot be so slender, as whereon so weak a thing as Fancy should be grounded; but as your Vertues are permanent, so may you judge of my entire Affection to be perpetual. Let it once more accord with your courteous Consent, that this Letter, with the first, may have the like favourable Acceptance; whereby you shall kindle in me no other or greater Presumption than what best suits to the Worthiness both of your Vertue and Calling. So with languishing Sighs and Wishes, craving that you will ever hold and deem of me, as him that, in all protested Faith, Love and Loyalty, is, and will be always,

M. A. D. A. M,

Your most humble, obedient,  
and devoted Servant,

P. L.

The

*The Answer.*

SIR,

**I** Receiv'd your second Letter, and am oblig'd to let you know, your Address to me is as strange as your self, whom my eyes, as yet, to my Knowledge, have not beheld. And what your good meaning is, I know not. And for giving hasty Credulity to your Assertions, as you seem not to challenge it, pardon me if I tell you I have not been hitherto hasty in my self to do it; having often been taught, that of the fairest Speeches, frequently ensue the contrary Actions. I cannot condemn your Purpose, because I make the candidest Constructions of your Meanings. However, I am in no point so restrain'd; but at all seasonable or convenient Times Access may be had to me. So that when you shall make it sufficiently apparent that, without Blemish to my Reputation, I may admit your Visits, I shall be willing, so far as my Years and present Being may minister Occasion, in any thankful Requitall that may be, to yield my self unto you: Till when, I must take Leave to subscribe my self

*Yours in Respect and Friendship, E. C.*

*A Letter to a Lady, to desire Admittance to her Presence.*

*Fairest of Creatures,*

**I** Am bold, though a Stranger, (finding no other Opportunity with Fear of offending,) to make these Lines the humble Messengers of my good Meaning towards you; wherein you may please  
to

to think that I go not about, by pretence of a most entire and hearty Good Will which I profess to bear you, to make present surmise, that on so bare an Assertion, you should give immediate Credit to my Words: I prize your Worthiness at a far greater Value; and weigh your good Allowance so much, that I only desire that, by your favourable Liking, I may intreat to have Access to your Presence; not doubting then, but I shall sufficiently, by apparent Proofs, maintain the Efficacy of that I now protest; and give you so good Occasion to esteem well of me, as you shall have no reason to repent it, that upon so honest and loving a Request, you have condescended to my Intreaty; whose Health and Prosperity I tendering in all things as mine own, with humble Submission, in expectation of a favourable Answer, I beg Leave to subscribe my self

*Your most affectionate Servant, L. R.*

### *The Answer.*

SIR,

**Y**OURS I have receiv'd, of the 20th past; and that Men have Skill, and are by fundry commendable Parts enabled to set forth their meaning, there needs, as I think, no other Testimony than what your self has written. And, indeed, you say well, that I ought not lightly to give Credit to Words; but rather, by Time to prove the Sincerity of what you protest. My Resolves to alter my Condition are yet unstable; however, they may fix in the Favour of a worthy Person, when I shall be made sensible of his Deserts



serts by all the modest and vertuous Ways that can lead the chastest Mind to the Palace of Unspotted Love. However, I thought not my self so tied up to Niceties, as to refuse you these Lines, wishing you such an one as may equal those Excellencies you write of, every way to answer the Praises you bestow upon her; that so your Love and Writing may go parallel: But confessing my self not so qualified, I can only at present with I answer'd the Idea you have too suddenly form'd of me, and remain,

*Yours in all civil Respects, A. G.*

---

*A Letter from a Gentleman.*

MADAM,

**T**HE long and considerate Regard by which, in deep Contemplation, I have eyed your rare and singular Vertues, join'd with so admirable Beauty, and much pleasing Condition, grafted in your Person, have moved me, among a Number, whom I am satisfied favour you, earnestly to love you; and thereupon, humbly to lay my self and Services at your Feet. And now, although hap'y I may seem in some Eyes the least in Worthiness of a Number that pay their Devotions at so fair a Shrine, yet may you vouchsafe, in your retired Thoughts, to account me with those of higher Esteem in Willingness to serve you; wherein, if a settled and immoveable Affection towards you; if a fervent and assured Love, grounded on the undecayable Stay and Prop of your Vertue; if continual, nay, rather inexterminable

minable Vows, in all Perpetuity, addicted to your Service; if never-ceasing and tormenting Grief, uncertainly carried by a hazardous Expectation, closed in the Circle of your gracious Conceit, whether to bring to my Soul a sweet Murmur of Life, or a severe Sentence of present Death; may any of them prevail, either to move, intreat, sue, sollicite or persuade you, I then am the Man, who, shrining in my most inward Thoughts the Dignity of so worthy a Creature, and prizing in the deepest Imagination, though not to the utmost Value, the Estimate of so incomparable a Beauty, have resolv'd, living, to honour you; and the Days I have to live, never to serve other but you; and how unkindly severe soever you may prove, I will bless you in my dying Murmurs, when short, departing, Breath eagerly catches at the fleeting Soul. However, in hopes of milder Usage from so much Beauty and Virtue, expecting no worse Acceptance than may seem answerable to so Divine an Excellency, I remain,

MADAM,

*Your most passionate, loyal, and  
perpetually devoted Servant, W.O.*

---

*A Letter Consolatory to a Friend, in his  
Sickness.*

*Worthy Friend,*

**T**HE News of your Illness has cast a Damp upon my Spirits, and clouded my usual jovial Temper; as we have joy'd together, so I cannot but be afflicted with you: Our Friendship

*and Eloquence; or the*  
ship has join'd us with as strict a Sympathy, as that of Nature did *Hypocrates's* Twins; we must weep together, as well as laugh together; the Joy or Afflictions of the one are reciprocal to the other. As for Pass-times, the Taste of all Pleasure is bitter to me, when my Friend is in pain, and cannot relish the Sweets of them. However, Sickness, and many other Afflictions, being incident to all the Sons of *Adam*, who were tinctur'd with the Poison of Sin in his Transgression, which intail'd a World of Miseries on his Posterity. Bear it then with Patience, as Epidemical, a Thing that is common to all. Consider, when we were born, it was our Business to live in a troublesome World for a while. As a Bubble dances on the Surface of the disturb'd Waters, and suddenly vanishes into Air and Flatness; so Man is in an uncertain State, subject to Mutation. Let, however, your Vertues be your exceeding Consolation, to bear up your Spirits in the Agonies of your Distemper; and dispel the Fears of Death, by the Thoughts of having so liv'd, that you fear not to die. Compose your Mind to serious Meditations on lasting Joys; and that, being in a good Frame and Temper, will greatly assist you to overcome your bodily Infir- mity. For your own sake, and mine, take Cour- age, and be not dejected: Consider how your Sighs and Groans afflict your Friend no less than your self; mitigate them then with a Manly For- titude, that I may find you chearful at my com- ing, to dispel in some measure the damp Clouds of Anxiety that hang on my Soul; and with all the Haste that wings true Friendship, expect me: Till then, the good Wishes and earnest Prayers of him shall not be wanting, who is

*Your unalterable Friend in all Conditions, R. C.*  
*A Letter*



*A Letter to a Lady, much grieved for the  
Impairing her Beauty by the Small Pox.*

MADAM,

**A** Midst my Joy for your Recovery, I cannot but be somewhat concern'd to hear that you afflict your self because the inexorable Distemper has rudely ruffled so smooth and beautiful a Face, that dazled with a Pomp of winning Graces, by leaving its envious Marks a Memorial of its Conquest and Tyranny over so fair a Creature as your self: However, let this comfort you, that it could not triumph over, nor make Spoil of the Beauties of your Mind, which are the most excellent Ornaments of your Sex: They only are lasting, defie all Accidents, and even the Malice of Time; when the others are fading: As the Rose, blowing fresh in the Morning, fill'd with Drops of Dew, and casting its Fragrance round, to embalm the Air with sweet Perfumes; till the rude rushing Breath of Wind scatters its Leaves, and lose them in a Bed of Weeds: Or as the Violet, that little Purple Monarch of the Field, too early putting out its glowing Leaves, to usher in the Spring with Fragrancy, meets with nipping Winds, or Morning-Frosts, which make it languish, and, bowing its Head, wither away, and lose its Beauty. However, Madam, your Case is not thus; the Roses and the Lilies are fresh blooming in your Cheeks, so intermix'd, as makes you lovely still in all Eyes but your own. What if some Dimples are impressed by the Disease! *Venus's* Beauty consisted, to her Praise, as Poetical Gayness sets it forth, in that particular, though not happen-

happening by the same Means. Observe the Face of Heaven, when the numerous Hoast of Stars stud it over with Seeds of Light, how beautiful and gay it represents it self to our admiring Eyes! So your Face, adorn'd or studded o'er with little Rounds, indenting it, make it lovely, and desirable. Cease then to perplex your self; and know you have a Stock of Beauty left, sufficient to make you admir'd, and ador'd; enough to captivate a Thousand Hearts. Heaven, perhaps, thought it not fit you should blaze with too fierce a Light, lest you, like *Phaeton*, should set the World of Love on fire. Let it suffice, that what is past, cannot be remedy'd; and in hopes you will do so, and hush your Grief, I subscribe my self

*Your humble and obedient Servant, G. D.*

---

*A Letter Consolatory to a young Gentlewoman forsaken by her Faithless Lover.*

MADAM,

**I** Understand you grieve, and much affect to be alone, thereby to indulge melancholy Thoughts, that croud upon you, as one Wave pushes another to the Shoar; and that the Cause of it is, you have mis'd to be made unhappy in the Embraces of a false, dissembling Man, who by what evidently appears to me, rather aim'd at your Dishonour, than any ways to recompence the tender Affection you too early shew'd for him. Consider seriously, and you will find it rather a Miracle of Mercy that you escap'd his Snares, so cunningly laid to intrap you, than any Loss of Prejudice

Prejudice you can receive by parting with him. Mariners may wish for Winds to Navigate, but not for Storms to shipwreck them. Contemplate his Ingratitude, as the basest of all things; and if you seriously do that, it must give present Ease to your labouring Mind. Think him a Wandring Star; or liken him to mis-guiding Fires, that lead belated Travellers out of their Way, unto the Paths of Ruin, or Distress. Be mindful of your Youth and Beauty; how much you have deserv'd, and how ill you have been requited; and then the Cure will certainly be wrought. Take this Advice, and call your Reason in to your Assistance, and you will tell me e'er long how much I have been

M A D A M,

*Your Friend to serve you, M. V.*

*A Letter Remunatory, from a Gentleman,  
to a Lady.*

M A D A M,

**H**OW much I am obliged to you for the Multitude of Favours heaped on me, Words cannot well express: But, above all, that you are pleased so well to esteem of me, as to write your favourable Letters in my behalf. All that I can do in expressing a boundless Gratitude for the Largeness of your Kindness and Good Will towards me, is, ever to continue your Ladyship's humble, affectionate, and faithful Servant; and will ever acknowledge, that all has proceeded from your Innate Goodness, without any Merit in me to deserve it: And, as I am bound



40 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

bound in Duty, no Day shall pass without my Prayers to God for your Health and Prosperity, and the re-doubling your Days on Earth; and when this World shall suffer so great a Loss, and Heaven gain by the Exchange, may Crowns of Glory and immortal Palms adorn you as your Vertues deserve; so that, as you have shin'd here, to the Admiration of all, your Brightness there may be the more transcendent; which is the hearty Wish, and earnest Desire of

Your Ladyship's

*Most obliged, humble, and  
ever devoted Servant, A. C.*

---

*A Letter of Excuse on long Absence.*

SIR,

**M**Y Breach of Promise, in not having visited you with deserv'd Requital since my Departure, may justly create in you a Doubt and Suspicion of Ingratitude in me; but I hope, and by that Hope, presume, that of your own good Disposition towards all your Acquaintance, you will yield to me an approved Trial, before my Sentence pass. Indeed, if I should not own unto you that I am faulty in some respects, I might justly condemn my self; but at my coming I shall urge so many Reasons in Excuse of my long Delay, and those very just ones, that I cannot persuade my self but your good Nature will incline to pardon me in what I have transgressed, who are not wont to be severe to any: And, in the mean while, let me prevail upon you, by all

the Ties of our Friendship, not to lessen me in your Opinion, and good Esteem. So, wishing you a lasting Health and Happiness here, and endless Joys hereafter, I remain, in true Affection, commanded by your Merits, and worthy Carriage towards me,

Your Friend, and humble Servant, P.D.

Damon to Coelia; a Love-Letter.

Fair Nymph,

**W**Hose Eyes out-shine unclouded Stars, whose charming Voice the Syrens cannot reach, whose Mind is beautiful as the first Rays of Light that usher in the Day, be kind as you are fair and charming; think on the Sighs you oft have heard me breath, and the soft murmurs that you whisper'd in my Ear, when our tender Flocks were sporting on the Plains, and we retir'd under the cool Umbrage of spreading Groves, to shun the scorching Eye of Day. Ah, then it was that your All-languishing Looks first captivated my poor Heart, and made me dream of an *Elysium* of boundless Bliss: But when I thought to grasp those endless Joys, like Water press'd between loose Palms, they slip'd away, and quite deceiv'd my eager Hopes. Return, return, thou charming Maid; come, smile again, and cure the Wounds you gave: Let not another reap that Bliss, which is by sacred Vows my due. Consider how the immortal Powers dart Thunders fork'd Thunder at the perjur'd Heads of such as dare defie them by such monstrous Impieties. O let not their Vengeance light on you, too feeble to

to sustain their Bolts, created only for soft, transporting Joys; and not, Giant-like, to meet Resisting Lightning Glares, whilst you affront the Skies and seem to storm them, to blot out those Oaths you made, and there stand fairly recorded in the Adamantive Book; lest deep intrenched Scars made by impetuous Flashes, impair and blot your Beauty in a Moment. Consider well these things, call in your Reason to advise you, and then you will see whom you have injur'd, and repent. In hopes of this, from so much Heaven on Earth, I dare to subscribe my self

*Your not despairing, though  
much injur'd Lover, Damon*

---

*Cœlia's Answer to Damon.*

*Damon,*

**T**HE Unkindness that you now upbraid me with, you were the Cause of. I counted it my Happiness to gaze on you, admiring your Manly Form, whilst my busie Fingers were interweaving Flowery Chaplets to adorn your Brows. I priz'd you as my chiefest Jewel, and wore you next my Heart: You heard, indeed my Vows; and the tender Meltings of my Soul were visib'e in my Eyes. I design'd you all the soft Delights that Nature, heighten'd by Love's Art, could e'er bestow on Man; and thought myself secure of all I wish'd for on this side Heaven. But when I press'd you to a lawful Bed, you started, and grew cold; your Aim was somewhat else, too black to name, which made me much repent the Weakness of my Heart, in so soon yielding



yielding it where true Love and Worthiness was  
wanting; but since I yielded not on your Con-  
ditions, you tax me with Unkindness, and Breach  
of Vows: The Powers you threaten me with, to  
punish me, are too just to hear you on so black  
a Score; their Thunders you ought to dread  
much more than I; and I had had just Cause to  
do it, had I consented to your Lawless Love;  
they shielded Vertue, and preserv'd me from that  
Folly that would have deserv'd a Punishment  
more heavy than poor *Cælia* e'er could bear.  
However, though I am pressed to wed by such  
as are deserving, yet re-assume your Vertues,  
from which you are degenerated, and you cannot  
tell how much I can forgive, how I can crowd in-  
to Oblivion what is past: But then, be cautious  
how you so far forget your self, as to relapse;  
for such another bold Attempt, as has made me,  
in a great measure, think you unworthy of me,  
would make me banish you my Sight for ever.  
Be wise then, as you ought, and you may hope,  
at least, when your Reformation is wrought,  
that I yet may happen to be kind my Way. And  
so I must conclude my self my own, till by all  
the Ways of Vertue you atone for the Follies  
and Errour which you so lately pursu'd,

*Very much displeased, Cælia.*  
*Over I have ob*  
*you to stand out de*

*A Letter of Passion or Anger from one greatly  
offended.*

**U**Ngracious Off-spring of an Infernal Brood,  
whom Heaven permitted for a Plague,  
and the Earth nourish'd as a peculiar Mischief!  
Thou

Thou Monster of Mankind! What may I term thee? With what ill sounding Titles may I raise my self upon thee, thou Scorn of the World, thou Enemy to Humane Society? Shall thy Villanies escape for ever unpunish'd? Will the Earth yet support thee, and the Clouds shadow thee; or the Air breath on thee, to give thee longer Date of Life? But if these are favourable to one that no ways deserves their Benefits, think not thy Injuries so easie, that they are to be supported by all; for mine Eyes shall watch and haunt thee, like thy Evil Genus, till I have prosecuted what I have determin'd. Most unworthy as thou art to breath amongst Men, triumph then in thy Mischiefs, and boast of the Injuries thou hast done me; and when by due Desert I shall have paid thee what I promised, I will give thee Leave to glory in my Spoils: But then perhaps 'twill be too late; Vengeance hangs o'er thy Head, envelop'd in a teeming Cloud, and will not be long e'er it break upon thee, to thy Destruction. Therefore, in the few Moments that are intermitted, rejoice, if thy bad Conscience, and Sense of Injuries done against the Laws of Reason and Humanity, will suffer any Quiet to brood upon thy Soul. And so, with full Resolves to do what I have cast in my Mind, I remain, through the Sense of my exceeding Injuries,

*Your Implacable and Eternal Foe, C. L.*

*A Letter*

*A Letter Monitory from one injur'd, to the  
Party who offer'd the Injury.*

SIR,

**T**Hough I have Cause grievously to complain, in being so unaccountably injur'd by you, from whom I neither deserv'd such Usage, nor could in any manner expect it, having ever been industrious to do you all the Favours I was capable of heaping on you, I am yet apt to persuade my self the Wrongs you have done me were not maliciously design'd, but rather by Inadvertency: Which favourable Construction I have hitherto continu'd on your Behalf, and in your Vindication, notwithstanding I have been urg'd by some, and not without Reason, to believe the contrary. Wherefore, before I would judge rashly, or pass any Sentence to your Detriment, I was willing to know from your self, whether you will stand by what is acted to the prejudice of one who always accounted himself amongst the Number of your Friends; or shew by a Reluctancy, and Disclaiming, that you were precipitated into it. This is but reasonable, and you ought in Honour and Conscience to give me Satisfaction herein, or your self, like rash Alexander, will cut insunder the Gordian Knot of Friendship between us, which cannot without such Violation be unloosed. So, in Expectation of your Answer, suspending my Opinion of what has passed, though much injur'd, I subscribe my self

*Your Friend to serve you, D. L.*



*The Answer.*

SIR,

**N**ot without Shame and Confusion, I have undertaken to answer your Letter, where in I find you have so far out-done me in Generosity, that I am puzzl'd to find a Way to express my self answerable to your Demerits. I, with much Sorrow, and Reluctancy of Mind, must, though late, own, I have rashly, and in a passionate Heat, done Wrong to the best of Friends, and made my self unworthy of those many Favours I have receiv'd at your Hands: Reflecting on which, in the first place, I cannot but admire your Goodness, in so calmly debating and expostulating with a Man that justly deserves your severest Anger and Reproof: In the next, I cannot but look with Abhorrence and Detestation on my self, and much worse on my Actions. But if the unfeigned Sorrow of a returning Penitent can obliterate my Crimes; or if a public Acknowledgment of the Injuries I have done, and taking Shame to my self, can expiate my Offences, allot me my Penance, and how severe soever it shall be, I will chearfully undergo it, as having justly deserv'd it. So, throwing my self wholly on you, to be dealt with as you shall please, with Blushes I conclude at present, subscribing my self,

SIR,

*Your Undeserving, and**Unworthy Friend and Servant, T. G.**A Letter*

*A Letter of Thankfulness from a Daughter,  
to her Parents, for her good Breeding or  
Education.*

*Ever honoured Father and Mother,*

**A**S Duty and Obedience constrains me to  
to make this humble and just Acknowledg-  
ment of your tender Care and Love towards me,  
so my Prayers and good Wishes shall ever attend  
you, all my Endeavours shall be industriously  
employ'd to serve you ; so that in some measure  
I may be able, or at least shew my unfeigned  
Willingness to requite your Love, and the Cost  
you have bestow'd in educating me ; which I  
look upon as a very great Happiness, in supply-  
ing my younger Years with Variety of Under-  
standing in what is most commendable in our  
Sex ; which will undoubtedly render me accept-  
able in all places, on sundry Occasions. Where-  
fore I am constrain'd to applaud that compelling  
Goodness in you, by which you even oblig'd me  
to persevere in what I had well begun ; though  
then, indeed, by reason of my Childishness, not  
well discerning the Advantages, when at Matu-  
rity, I should reap thereby, I foolishly imputed  
it to your Severity and Rigour. Therefore let  
mistaken youth consider, that in their tender  
Age, not knowing what is good and commend-  
able, they ought to submit to the maturer Judg-  
ments of their indulging Parents, who watch  
over them for their Good, and with all tender  
Love and Compassion are studious for their Wel-  
fare, though perhaps their Eyes are not discern-  
ing enough to perceive it. But, to come nearer

to my Acknowledgments, may Ten Thousand Blessings wait on you, my honoured Parents; May you ascend to Heaven after a long and prosperous Life on Earth, and there be crown'd with all those Joys and Brightnesses that reward the Good and Just, whilst my Endeavours shall be, to administer Comfort to you in your aged Years, ever submitting in all things to your Pleasure; resigning my self, in all the Conduct of my weighty Affairs, to be guided by you; and remain in the whole Course of my Life,

*Your most obedient and  
dutiful Daughter, K. C.*

*A Letter from a Pot-Companion, to a young Man, upon the Death of his old Wife, in Banter.*

*Honest NED,*

**I**T will be hard for you to imagine what various Whims and Fancies came crouding in-to my Head, when I was inform'd by our old Crony T. C. that you sat snivelling and whining under the dismal Cypress and Yew, mourning and lamenting, I will not say tormenting and afflicting your self, lest I should seem to dissemble, as well as your self. 'Tis true, you have lost a Wife: Well, and what then? Why, truly, this is no such great matter; 'tis every Day one jolly Fellow's good Luck, or other, to be rid of such an Incumbrance. Ay, but it may be you'll reply, She was a good old Wife. O-ho! Was she so? So much the better; 'tis the happier for her that



that she is deliver'd out of this sinful World. Nay, let me give you a Word or two of farther Consolation, to ease the Agony of your Mind: Consider, we are all mortal, and must die one time or other; and ten to one, her Time was come; and then, who could help her giving you the slip, when she could stay no longer, to follow her departed Teeth, that were gone before her? Consider, she drop'd like Mellow'd Fruit, which need no stormy Winds to shake them down. Then rouse up; pull off your dissembling Mask, and change your forc'd Lamentations to a jovial Song. But stay a little, now I think on't, this may be a Trick to get you another rich Wife the sooner: For, say the Women, *Poor Heart! What pity is it so brisk a young Fellow should mourn himself to death! Is there no kind She, that will slip into his Arms, and comfort him?* Nay, if this be the Drift, then I cannot blame you: But, be sure, dissemble well, lest they perceive it; for, so, they tell us, the Crocodile, on the Banks of the River *Nilus*, weeps over the Head of a slain Man, to draw others within his Reach, that he may catch them. But, now I consider again, if I mistake not, I am come to harp upon the String that twangs your Grief: The Estate, I remember, expir'd with your Wife: Truly, that is a Loss worth a few Tears. But, hang it; all Worldly Things, you know, are transitory: Riches have Wings; and, being gone, are past Recovery. Yet be not dishearten'd, for there is a Harvest of wanton Old Women with Colts Teeth left behind. Rouse up then, and chear your Spirits with a Bottle or two, and at 'em as fast as you can cast your Net well, and you cannot miss a Covy of 'em; out of which, pick the

the plumpest and fattest, to supply what is departed from you. There are few of them, but will ruin themselves, their Children, and Grandchildren, for a lusty young Fellow, at any time between Terms. Make Hay then whilst the Sun shines, whilst you retain the Reputation of a brisk, rich Widower; and few know but you are as solvent as ever: This will be a mighty Backing to you, if your Back was feebler than it is. So, in hopes you will take my cordial Advice, and creep out of your Cloister, to meet the old Gang, at the usual Time and Place, there to receive farther Instructions relating to the Premises, I remain,

*Your true Bottle-Friend to serve you, L. G.*

---

*Curious*

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Curious, Witty, and Quaint  
**DIALOGUES,**

Relating to

**LOVE, BUSINESS, INTRIGUE,**

And many other Things, very pleasant and diverting to either Sex.

Never before made Publick.

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*A Dialogue between a young Noble-man and a Lady of Quality, upon his first Address, &c. in a Garden; under the borrowed Names of Nemander and Lelia.*

N. **M** Adam, these Spacious Walks give a fair Prospect; and all things appear pleasant about them.

L. You say right, Sir, there has been no cost spared to make them agreeable, to delight those that



that recreate themselves in this Innocent kind of diversion.

N. I have often frequented them, but never thought my self so happy as now; methinks the Air is more serene than ever, the Birds about us warble sweeter Notes, and each fragrant Shrub and Flower sends out the Essence of its Sweets, and seems to breath Ambrosia.

L. You make me smile, Sir, Why all this just now more than at other times? Can such an alteration be on a Suddain?

N. Lady, there is a mighty Commanding Cause that produces these unusual Effects.

L. Pray Sir, what may that be which on a suddain works such wonders? Or is it only the Effect of your Fancy?

N. Fair one, the Reason is, you Grace these humble Shades and charm Inanimate, as well as Animated Beings, by a Secret power to Contribute their utmost to Pleasure you.

L. Truly, Sir, this is a mystery to me, or in the best Construction I can make of it, you pass it only as a Complement.

N. Ah, Madam, to be plainer, you wear about you those Beauties that Command the Hearts of Men; how then can Creatures made to serve them chuse but be obedient to you?

L. Sir, did I not take this as a flourish of Complement, I ought only to answer you with Blushes, or 'tis not perhaps, me you mean, when you talk thus, but your Fancy is fixed on some Exalted Beauty, that can Conquer Hearts, as you say; for my part, I reap no such Victories, nor do I merit 'em.

N. Fairest of Creaturs, I speak my sincere Thoughts, Exempt from Flourish or Flattery, 'tis

'tis you, and only you, that have this power, and nothing but what you merit, and were designed for nature cast you in her choicest mould, and when she saw you Cried a Luckey, this produced you to our Eyes fair as the Light, and blushing as the Rosey morn, when Eastern streaks warns us of the Sun's approach, to guild the world with rays and brightness.

L. Nay, pray Sir, run not on strains so high, these praises are not mine, you sure are forming the Idea of some fabled Goddess.

N. Heaven too Informed your mind, and made you Equal beautiful at once to dazle our Eyes, and charm our Souls with wonder.

L. What can you mean by this? I want to be informed, and if I have that Commanding power you mention, let me lay some part of it on you, to make me sensible of what you drive at.

N. This favourable Command I waited for, and with profound regard will yeild Obedience to it——Madam, since you have given Leave, be not offended if I plainly tell you that I Love you more than Words are Capable to utter, and used those Ambages in Speech to get your Leave to tell you so without Offence.

L. Truly, Sir, I know not how to answer you in this particular, as having hitherto been a Stranger to Passions Concurrent to Love, but all I can do at present is to own your merit, and Confess you are deserving——Let this Suffice, and expect no more till I am better resolved.

N. Madam, with Willingness I obey; and have all the Happiness I, in so short a time, could wish for. I find you as obliging as you are fair; or I might justly have expected to be Thunder-struck with your Frowns, for so great a Presumption.

**L.** No, Sir, 'tis not my way; I am not proud, nor know what it is to cast Disdain on a Person of Worth, and one who deserves Esteem.— Yet I would not have you depend too much on what I have said, lest, laying too great a Stress upon it, you should not be answer'd in your Expectation.

**N.** Divine Creature, the most amiable of your Sex, adorn'd with Vertues and Good Nature, charming as your Beauty! All I gather from such condescending Compassion to one who entirely loves you, is, that you bid me not despair.

**L.** Sir, that Construction of my Meaning perhaps I allow you; but Time and mature Consideration must guide me, not to enter rashly on Matters of such moment: Therefore let me now retire.

**N.** To this, though I with Pain consent; yet, you Commanding it, I now with Pleasure do.

### *Coridon and Sylvia; a Pastoral Dialogue.*

**C.** **W**ell met, fair Sylvia, on the Dewy Plain:  
Whither so fast?—Nay, do not dart Disdain  
From those bright Eyes that Nature fram'd, to mock  
As Stars, to guide me to the Land of Love.

**S.** What mean you, Coridon, to cross my Way?  
My Business calls,—commands me not to stay.

**C.** Ah, lovely Maid! Mine more important is;  
For on this Minute hangs my Woe or Bliss.

**S.** What is your Business?—Say; that knowing it  
I may dispence a Moment, if 'tis fit.

**C.** I thought you understood it long ago:  
You heard my Sighs, and my Complaining too;

But, cr  
Nor car  
S. Still th  
If this  
C. Is this  
Or is t  
Ah me  
Who, I  
And s  
Design  
S. I know  
Why d  
C. As dre  
May f  
Never  
But, f  
S. You f  
Say,  
C. I'd h  
As eq  
A Ha  
And  
S. I kno  
Thus  
Are  
How  
C. This  
I mu  
S. Well  
Thou  
Fear  
C. Som  
This  
The  
Ths

But



But, cruel Nymph, you minded not my Grief;  
Nor car'd to give my Sorrows a Relief.

S. Still the old Story! Prithee, stand away;  
If this be all, I will no longer stay.

C. Is this a Cause so slight, not worth your Ear?  
Or is there Danger, that you need to fear?  
Ah me! that I should bear such Words from you,  
Who, Parthian-like, can wound those that pursue,  
And sport with them you ruin! Sure, you were  
Design'd less cruel, or had been less fair.

S. I know not what you mean, or must not know.  
Why do you grasp me thus? Pray, let me go.

C. As drowning Men hold fast what they suppose  
May save them, sinking; so, with you I close,  
Never to part, unless you prove more kind;  
But, grasping, float; or leave my Life behind.

S. You fright me now;— Your Lips speak Horror too!  
Say, what that's virtuous, you would have me do.

C. I'd have you love, and with so true a Flame  
As equals mine; then loud I will proclaim  
A Happiness, the World, beside, can't give:  
And this alone can grant me Leave to live.

S. I know not what to think; 'tis not like Love,  
Thus to surprize me in a Lonely Grove.  
Are you in earnest? Or is this to try  
How easie 'tis for Maidens to comply?

C. This is my last Effort; no other left:  
I must subdue, or be of Life bereft.

S. Well, no such Passion: Calm your troubled Mind;  
Though this is rude, since fix'd your Love I find,  
Fear no more Scorns: Henceforth I will be kind.

C. Some Angel, with a Golden Trumpet, sound  
This welcome Voice: Let Hills and Dales rebound  
The Echo back; that, after long Distress,  
The Fates prove kind, to give me Happiness.

*Oh! speak it once again, and let me know  
Whether I dream: or waking, find it so.*

**S.** *Come, now no more; I've satisfi'd your Doubt:  
And when we meet again, I'll make it out.*

**C.** *Then with this parting Kiss—— I bid Farewell;  
And go from hence, with Joys too great to tell.*

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*The Town-Filt; or, the innocent young Gentleman decoy'd: A Dialogue.*

**J.** **S**IR, you are well met. O my enchanting Youth, why stand you at a distance, gazing on me, when the Burning-Glasses of desirous Beauty dart so much Ardency of Affection, and covet your Embraces? Come, be not coy, nor start, nor turn aside: Consider who it is that calls, who courts your Favour.

**G.** Ha! What Voice is this I hear? What Female Form is it my Eyes behold? What lovely Shape is it that thus accosts me?

**J.** Why, ——why this Distance? Wherefore shrinks my Love, and seem to blush? Why shun you her that would be proud to lay you in her Bosom, and with a Thousand Transports hug you in her warm Embraces.

**C.** I know not, Mistress, who you are, nor the Cause that you pursue me thus. What is it you see in me, that should extort these kind Expressions from you?

**J.** I am a Woman, Sir; and one that has Desires. In you I see a Thousand Charms to tempt me. Come closer to my Breast, and wave these Niceties. I see you are a Novice in the Mysteries

series of Love, and want to be instructed; or else, after such kind Expressions, you would be sensible this Distance ill becomes you.

G. Could I but understand your Meaning, I could the better frame an Answer to it: But as yet I am ignorant of your Designs, nor know I what it is you would have me do.

J. 'Tis to be Obliging, and Complaisant: Your Kindness I request, since Opportunity gives way—— Come, be not coy, but take this Kiss as my first Earnest; and blush not if I lead you to my Alcove, perfum'd with Roses, Jessamin and Amarant; to a Downy Place, prepar'd for Love—— Nay, nay, let us lose no Time; but, whilst we may, with hasty Steps retire, and on that soft Recumbency, till Morning, take our fills of Love; where, amidst a Thousand Transports, with kind Kisses, and low Murmurs, I'll express my Passion for you.

G. I must confess, your Words have strangely mov'd me: But, alas! I am ignorant in the Affairs of Love; and dread the Combat, as not knowing how I must behave my self

J. How! dread! Why, will you flee so fair an Enemy? If I were one in this soft Combat, dare you not press upon a yielding Foe, who, fainting with Passion, too fierce to be withstood, will melt in your Arms, whilst you may freely rifle all those Joys which Lovers meet in Raptures?

G. Methinks I find a Willingness to comply; but something checks me, chills my Blood, and makes it, as it were, run backward.

J. Away with it; 'tis Youthful Fear, and Bashfulness: The very same it was with me, before I enter'd the Lists of Love; long time I hover'd



ver'd on the Brink, before I plung'd ; but being in, my Fears all vanish'd, and I surfeited on those transporting Pleasures, to which I now invite you—— Come, stifle your conspiring Fears and Fantasms, envious of the Joys I'd lead you to partake.

G. Well, at last you have prevail'd ; and I believe, in Love there's more than Words can well express : It must, as you say, be transporting in Enjoyment, because so universally desir'd. Therefore, forcing my Way through all Opponents, I throw my self into your kind Arms, to be directed in this gentle Task.

7. Spoke like your self, Now, with a Lover's Pace, let us haste to my Appartment ; where, in my Snowy Arms I'll twine you like the clasping Ivy ; whilst, with a declining Head, you pant between my rising Breasts, and rifle all the Pleasures Love can yield.

[Aside, going out.

*Poor Fool, you now are made a Harlot's Prize :*

*By dear Experience I shall make you wise.*

*You think 'tis Love that makes me thus to court :*

*No ; your Estate, e'er long, shall pay me for't.*

*Thus we Town-Women lay our Snares for Gulls ;*

*And bravely revel in the Spoils of Fools.*

### *Damon to Cloris ; a Dialogue.*

D. **C**loris, 'tis time our Flocks have Rest beneath these spreading Shades ; the Sun is mounted high, and with his scorching Beams makes them begin to faint.

C. I am content : Drive on the Ewes, I'll follow with the tender Lambs ; and there we'll shelter, till its Western Beams permit the gentle Winds to breath more cool, and fan us with refreshing Gales.

D. So, we are arriv'd where we could wish. Come, sit you down on this Flowery Tuft, whilst in sweet Lays I tune my Reed, to please my lovely *Cloris*.

C. The Musick's sweet, so is your Voice ; oblige me once more with them both.

D. What you request, call your Command ; and you, in all, shall be obey'd——

C. Thanks, gentle *Damon* ; you have cheer'd my Mind ; and yet, methinks, your self looks sad :—— May I not know the Cause ?—— Nay, sigh not thus——

D. Ah ! 'Tis no easie Weight that can oppress poor *Damon's* Heart, but ponderous as Mountains : And since you desire to know—— 'tis—— 'tis—— Oh ! I fear to utter it.

C. 'Tis what ?—— Nay, fear not to unload your Mind ; here's none but we, and you may boldly trust me with the Secret——

D. Oh ! 'tis a Weight of Love incumbers me ; and, amidst all my seeming Jollities, casts a Damp of Sadness o'er my Soul.

C. Love !—— Prethee, with whom ? Come, tell her Name. Can any Nymph hear your Sighs, and not relieve you ?

D. That's my Fear—— My Love is fix'd on one who knows it not ; and often would I have made her sensible of it, but my faltering Tongue deny'd me Utterance ; my Words stuck in my Throat, and Fear of a Repulse would let them rise no higher.

C. Is

C. Is she then so far above your Reach?—  
 What if she be, she may be kind to one that is deserving. Princesses have humbled themselves to wed with Shepherds; and found more Happiness, than to be Jointer'd in a Kingdom—

D. Fortunes or Titles of Honour have not exalted her I love; but she is fair as the Morning-Light, yet blushing as the New-born Rose; adorn'd with Vertues, and attended with a Pomp of winning Graces; which make her merit more than Queens, with Kingdoms to their Dowers. In her alone, I can be happy; and without her, must be ever restless.

C. May I not know her Name? I may assist you in your Love, and make it easier than you can conceive.

D. Ah!—'tis your lovely self: 'Tis you alone that have the power to ease my labouring Mind, and give me Rest; nay, Joys unutterable, if you will condescend to make a Return of Love—

C. Me!—Sure, *Damon*, you dream; or on'y frame this Story, to try my Weakness.

D. No, I am waking; 'tis no Dream, nor is it feign'd. You might have known it from the Language of my Eyes; they plainly spoke the Passions of my Mind, though hitherto my Tongue was silent—

C. This staggers my Belief——'Tis all new and surprizing to me, therefore let it cease; for, see, our Flocks are straying whilst we hold Discourse, the Sun, too much declin'd, the Air grown cooler, as we wish'd.

D. O *Gloris*, speak not with so much Indifferency, now your Commands have rent the Secret from my struggling Breast, where it has long been pen'd up, striving, like Subterranean Winds, to force its Way.

C. What



C. What would you have me say?—Instruct me; for, in this Surprize I know not how to answer.

D. You said, you would assist me in my Love; I claim your Promise, and demand no more, to make me happy.

C. I own it; but could not then conceive 'twas me you lov'd— I blush and tremble to find how cunningly you have drawn me in—Pray let me go.

D. Oh, take not so fair an Object from my sight, e'er one kind Word has darted Comfort to my drooping Soul, to raise it from its languishing.

C. Well then—— What shall I say?—— Let it suffice, I do not hate you——

D. Ah! That affords no Beam of Joy; but rather clouds me more, and plunges me in Doubts that border on Despair.

C. Take then my Esteem, as one not indifferent to me——

D. This sounds more Musical; yet is it only like the Camelion's Food, and bids me live on Air; Oh, say you love, and that you'll meet my Passion with an equal Flame; and in those Words I shall find an *Elisium* of Comfort.

C. My Modesty forbids so soon a Yielding; then pardon me if, at this time, I cannot directly answer you: But, what with Honour I may do, to make you happy, I promise, and you may expect.

D. I take you at your Word, and urge no more:

Your Eyes speak Love, and me to Joys restore.

Thus, had I silent been, as many are,

Who wish, and sigh, but not their Minds declare,

I justly had been push'd into Despair.

Let this, young Lovers, be a Rule for you:

Be bold to speak, but do not over-do.

*A plain Country Dialogue between Ralph and Abigal.*

R. **A** Bigal, well met, come reach thy hand, that I may give thee a Lift over the Stile.

A. Thank ye, you good *Ralph*, and that heartily.

R. Nay, I thank you again, and there's your Thanks returned, and so Garamercy for nothing, but I mun no be served so, for I will have a Buss.

A. O dear——fie——O fie——how you touse a body---nay, Indeed you make me blush, I did not think you was such a naughty Man.

R. Ha, Ha——Naughty-man——that's a good one, why, I hope e're long to Buss thee, and buss thee a thousand times over.

A. I fackins, but I don't intend it; see how you have rumple me in this rude manner.

R. Come, Come what signifies all that, I have some thing to tell you will make you Amends; for twice as much tousing as that comes to.

A. What's that——what's that *Ralph*, I want long to hear it, vads I do.

R. Why, I am overhead an ears in Love *Abigal*, and with thee Girl, sleeping and waking my mind runs so upon thee, that Zudsbodakins, I think if thou wilt not have me, I shall go beside my self.

A. In Love with me *Ralph*, Ha, Ha, Ha——Avads you make me laugh to hear you talk so, though I bean't such a Fool to belcive it.

R. How,

R. How, not believe it.—I prethee do, or I am undone,—Come, come, you must,—You shall beleive it, or Ile run my Country, that's flat and plain, and Leave all too, I care not who takes it.

A Nay, *Ralph* rather than the Parish shall be troubled to keep your Cattle, and thrash out your Corn, if I thought you spoke true I would believe you, Indeed, and good Earnest.

R. O, think not that I tell you a Tail of a Tub, all is as true as this good Light shines; nor is it just now I was smitted, but ever since I treated you, you know with Cakes and Ale at Gammer Blackpot's House.

A. O, I remember the time, and observed you lear, and cast a Sheep's Eye, but could not guess the meaning of it till now you tell me—Well, if you have Loved me ever since, then I know not but it may have been long enough, and if I thought you spoke Indeed, and good Earnest, I would tell you more of my mind.

R. By the prosperity of my next Crop of Corn, and as I hope to prosper, indeed and indeed I am serious.

A. Then, though I can't well tell it you without blushing, I am as ready for a Husband as you are for a Wife.

R. Give me thy hand then, Girl, 'tis a Match, and Ile fetch the on my Roan Mare on Sunday morning next, and when we are Married, then wee'l Sing *High Boys up go we.*

*Long tedious Woing's not the Country-fashion,  
To speed here is but just to tell our Passion.*



*The Baffled Beau; in a Dialogue between him and a Town-Miss, recommended him as a Rich-Heiress.*

*Enter Miss and her Maid Dorothy.*

*Miss.* **D**oll, Doll, quick, quick, my new head-tire, and Gown, I wore Yesterday in the Park, I expect Mr. Foplin here immediately to pay me a Visit.

*Maid.* Madam, I have 'em in readiness, with all their futable Accoutraments.

*Miss.* On, on, with 'em, methinks I hear the found of his feet below Stairs.—O Wench, my Laced Shoo.—so, now retire, and Leave me to Entertain him according to his merit, or rather at his Cost.—Hold, hold,—stay give me my Box of Patches first, here are two or three fallen off in the hurry.—so now I have done with you for the present.

*Enter Beau all mealed, she starts, and Cries out.*

*Miss.* **A**H,—what art—A Ghost, a Ghost—Avaunt, Avaunt—O fright not, with thy fearful appearance, an Innocent Maid, who has not Injured thee—

*Beau.* Devineſt Creature, hush your fears.—I am no Spirit, but a living Man,—one that comes to adore you, and bow himself in humble ſort to kiss your Shoo-ſtrings.

*M.* Not a Ghost,—what makes you appear thus,—sure you are in a winding Sheer, or my eyes deceive me.

*B.* That

B. That is a deception of sight, indeed, I am only in the fashion, Madam, Sprinkled ore with pulvillio's according to the Mode of the Gentle Sparks.—look,—and know me.

M. Ha,—Mr. *Foplia*, Is it you? —Indeed, at your first approach you frightened me, for just now starting from a fearful Dream, and not well awake, seeing one approach all in white, it so lively represented what I had dreamed of, that still my Blood trembles in my Veins, though now I find there is no danger: —But is this the fashion?

B. Yes, Madam, amongst us Sparkish Gallants, Wits of the Town, who nicely observe it, and can afford to be at this Expence.——

M. Truly, I have heard so, but being not long come to Town, and never seen it in the dull Country, had I not observed some Marks of a Gentleman about you, I should still have taken you for a Meal-man, or Baker, come to desire my Custom.

B. Madam, you are pleased to jest with me, but let that pass,——You know my Errant, I suppose, and who it was recommended me to wait on so devine a Creature as your self.

M. No, Sir,——Instruct me, for I am Ignorant of both.

B. In the first place then, fair Angel, know, that my business is Love; the Fame of your Beauty at a Distance, and unseen wounded me so, that applying my self to your Cousin *Subtill*, he told me I might make you a Visit without Offence, for which favour I kissed his hand, and now to atone for the disturbance I have given you by your frightful mistake, I humbly bow my Forehead to the dust, and own the Recompence so great, that I want words to Express the satisfaction

faction I have of laying my self at your Feet, and for ever becoming your humble Slave.

M. But, do you think, Sir, I must believe all this on a sudden? Young as I am, I have heard, Men are the dissembling'st Creatures living: Ten to one but you have profess'd as much to Twenty more.

B. Oh, let not my Divine'st Mistress harbour for me a Suspicion of her humble Servant, in her fair Breast—— for, by all that's lovely, I——

M. Hold, hold, Sir; no rash Vows, no Oaths; for those are so common amongst you Men of Wit and Parts; and so easily dispens'd with, that if you are given to them, I shall be apt to believe you the less——

B. What must I say then, thou Wonder of thy Sex, to gain Belief, and confirm you in a good Opinion of the humblest of your Admirers, who pays his Devotions to your bright Eyes, those Twin-Stars, that are to guide him to the Land of Pleasure?——

M. I have been inform'd by those experienc'd in Love-Affairs, that Men's Affections are better distinguish'd by the——

B. The what?—the what?— Dear Madam, speak it out, that all I am, have, or can do, may give you the Satisfaction you Desire; and no Proof of mighty Love be left untry'd, to gain your Favour.

M. Well, Sir; to be plain with you, since you have so generously profess'd your Kindness to me, Coming out of the Country in haste, I am straiten'd for a trivial Sum—— though I have Bills of great Value, but not yet payable.

B. What will do? What will do? Speak, speak fair Angel!— if it be in my power, command me, and I shall be overjoy'd to pleasure you.

M. Truly



M. Truly, Sir, I blush to think my Necessities make me ask this of you, who are, in a manner, a Stranger to me; but I hope it will not be long e'er I shall be in a Capacity to requite you in an ampler manner.

B. Oh, you have infinitely over-done it already, Madam—— But name the Sum——name it.

M. I fear it may be prejudicial to your Affairs, on such a Surprise, and short Warning—— But if it will, tell me so, and I can be furnish'd elsewhere, there are many would be proud to do it; but these are only Favours I ask of those I set a Value on, and highly esteem—— I think a Hundred Guineas will do at present.

B. I am sorry I have not so much about me; but I'll fly, and instantly muster 'em up.

M. Ha, ha, ha; I find this Fool is as easie as a Single-foal'd Shooe.

*Thus will I pluck his Feathers till he's bare,  
Till he confess, he for my Smiles pays dear.*

*And when I've drain'd him till he can no more,  
Then Bully-Rock shall kick him out o'th' Door.*

*She will at last.*

*A Dialogue between Doris and Camilla.*

D. **W**ell, you have heard my Sighs, heard me complain;

*At last be kind, and ease my lingring Pain.*

C. What wou'd you have me, Strephon, do in this?

*Must I my Mother's Blessing, for you, miss?*

*You heard, as well as I, what late she said;*

*And know, our Parents ought to be obey'd.*

D. I

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**D.** *In many Things they ought; but Love is free,  
Not to be bounded by their Tyranny:*

*When they, through Age, have lost their own Desires,  
They pity not True Lovers youthful Fires,  
How'er they scorck and torture us with Heat,  
Fierce as the Flames in which the World shall sweat,  
And all Creation be dissolv'd at last.*

**C.** *Indeed, I own I have my Promise pass'd:*

*But she tells me, I am not bound by it;*

*That her Consent was wanting-----*

**D.** *-----How unfit*

*Is this for her, or you, to tell me now?*

*Think, Heav'n has heard, and did record your Vow.*

*Consider then how fatal it may prove;*

*What Lightnings may revenge a perjur'd Love;*

*What Scars of Thunder touch your beauteous Face,*

*And shroud you in a Night of Black Disgrace.*

**C.** *Ha! How you scare me; sure, this will not be:*

*I wou'd perform 'em, but she hinders me.*

**D.** *Rather, I fear, 'tis your ambitious Mind:*

*Were I more wealthy, you would prove more kind;*

*And no such trifling Excuses find.*

**C.** *Injure me not, to think a Thought so mean:*

*That should not part us, though I were a Queen,*

*Could bring you Kingdoms to my Dow'r. You move*

*My Anger, and provoke my daring Love.*

*To shew it is not that, ---I will break through*

*All Obstacles, and yield my self to you.*

**D.** *Spoke like your self: This is Love's Voice, I hear;*

*Who tramples Scruples down, and sifies Fear.*

*Let's haste to tie the Knot, whilst none us mis;*

*Then swim to Heav'n through boundless Seas of Bliss.*

*The Successful Adventurer.*

*A Dialogue between Pollo and Artimesia.*

A. **S**IR, I have observ'd, you meet me in my Walks, cross me in my Way, and in all places haunt me like a Ghost. I had, long since, determin'd to know the Cause, but had no Opportunity till now.

P. Ah, Madam! My folded Arms, Sighs, and clouded Aspect, have not, I hope, left you altogether insensible, that the mighty Cause proceeds from the dear Object I thus wander after, like her Shade.

A. Sure, Sir, you dream----- or rather, talk in your Sleep: How should I be sensible of your Affairs?— Truly, I mind but little of any bodies: Every one meddling with their own, is sufficient.

P. I thought, fair Angel, my Sighs had inform'd you, and that you might have understood the Language of my Eyes; but since you say you do not, I am embolden'd at last to break Silence, and tell you, the Cause of my Sufferings proceeds from Love.

A. Love! A meer Toy, a Trifle; I can ne'er believe a Man of Courage can submit to such Weakness; but rather conceive it the Fiction of your Sex, when by crafty Insinuations you would gain your Ends on ours----- But, prethee, who is it you are in Love withal?----- I suppose, your Request to me, is, to speak to her in your behalf.

P. I would, Madam; that is my humble Request: And to be favour'd so highly, binds me to you everlastingly.

D

A. Am



*A.* Am I intimately acquainted with her? For, I care not to intangle my self with Strangers, to create new Cronies by the Matter.

*P.* Ah, Madam! None is so intimately acquainted with the Fair One as your self; you know the Secrets of her Heart, and can dispose her as you please. Move her then to take Compassion on a languishing Lover, and ever bind me your obedient Servant.

*A.* Very pretty!----- Well, Sir; I partly understand your distant Fetch--- I suppose the Party is not far off, that you pretend thus to whine after.

*P.* I must confess, she is not---- But I scarce dare be so bold as to tell you who she is, unless you lay your absolute Commands on me to do it.

*A.* Why then do you apply your self to me, to favour you in your Suit? Must I conjure to know who she is?--- That's pretty, indeed--- Come, let me know her without that Trouble, or else I am gone; Business of greater moment calls me hence.

*P.* To obey you in this, I'll summon all my Courage to my Aid, and bless the Moment that presents so great a Happiness----

*A.* Nay, nay;----- no tedious Prologue, I beseech you: Come, be quick--- dispatch what you have to say, or be for ever silent.

*P.* Fairest of Creatures, whose Eyes out-shine the Hesperian Stars; whose Face out-dazles Infant-Light, and looks lovely in Blushes, as the Rosy Morn, when the ascending Planet of the Day edges the Eastern Clouds with Purple mix'd with Gold----

*A.* Hey-day!----- Sure, your Business is Banter, or Set Forms of Speech, to try my Temper,

or weary out my Patience If this be all I am to expect, I have heard enough, and must retire.

P. Oh, stay---- and take not from me my Light, my Life, and all that I count Joys and Blessings on this side Heaven; and pardon me if I declare, 'tis your dear self I love, adore and prize, as the Inestimablest Thing--- For you I sigh'd and languish'd, droop'd, and was almost shot into the Gulf of deep Despair; yet durst not tell you so, till you, in pity, gave me Leave-----

A. May I believe this?---- Could all this Whining and Pining be occasion'd for Love?---- This sad dejectedness for Love of me?

P. You may believe it---- for you, dear Madam; as for a Treasure, in my Esteem, outvying all the Riches of the Universe-----

A. What! I warrant, you would have me credit this; and on your bare Asseveration, without farther Proof? You think me easie, and good natur'd---

P. No--- I would willingly be put to any Test you shall enjoin me--- let the Task be ne'er so difficult; thinking your Esteem above the Merit of my Services; and your Love, a Thousand times more transcendent than I am able to recompence.

A. Yet, perhaps, should I lightly credit this, and become your easie Prize, you might think me cheap, and cast Neglects on me when your Fancy grew pall'd, or your Mind alter'd.

P. Oh, never---never, thou choicest of Earthly Blessings: My Love and Constancy should be as lasting as Life, firm as Rocks, immoveable as Mountains, and boundless as the Ocean.

*A.* Could this sink into my Mind, and root there in a firm Belief, I might then have some Value for Mankind, above what hitherto I have conceiv'd; and prize them at a higher rate, than hitherto they have gain'd in my Esteem.

*P.* That this is my firm and unalterable Resolution, witness all the glittering Fires that Seed the Firmament with Light; and thou, bright Lamp of Day, who with thy Rays enliven'st all things which Earth produces for our Pleasure and Support--- When I prove false, or fail in Love, may red Glares of Lightning blast me, and forked Thunder-bolts sink me to the lowest Abyss; or may Earth breath forth her Sulphury Fumes, and in that Moment stop my Breath with a destroying Pestilence---

*A.* Come, come; no more of your conjuring Protestations, no dire Imprecations--- These, as I have been inform'd, are usual to your Sex, and yet they have been false--- If your Love has all along been sincere, you might have sav'd your Cringings, whinings, and many of your Sighs, and spoke out like a Man at the first--- What! I warrant, you expected I should have made the first Advance?--- Indeed, many puny Lovers have been so vain, as to expect it of our Sex; and many, by that Folly, have lost what they most pretended to desire--- But, to be short with you; since you have broke the Ice, I now take my Turn to tell you, that if you love as you say, I suppose I have given you sufficient Encouragement to pay me another Visit; and then I may answer more to your purpose: And so, at present, Adieu.

*P.* Madam, Ten Thousand Blessings wait on you in all places where you go; and may some



Angel, with a Golden Trumpet, sound this to the World, that all may know my Woes are turned to Joy.

*In hopes to pant upon your Snowy Breast,  
Soft as those Clouds where little Angels rest.*

*Methinks I now am rais'd to a Degree,  
Above the Reach of Fate to injure me.*

*No Opportunity I'll lose, but haste*

*To the fair Land in which my Lot is cast ;*

*Time now's too precious for a Moment's Waste.* }

*The Antiquated Virgin's Policy.*

*A Dialogue between Menander and Cloris.*

M. **M**Adam, I'd ask a Favour of you, if you would vouchsafe to hear me---

C. Oh! Would you so, Sir?---- You think I am easily won, I'll warrant you---- Nay, you shall not gain the Possession of my Heart so easily as you imagine.

M. I protest, I have no such Intention: My Business with you, is upon another Story---

C. Ah, how you labour insensibly to wind your self into my Affections!---- You Men have crafty Ways with ye---- But consider my Years; I am not so easily taken as a Girl of Fifteen; there requires more for the gaining me than so.

M. Indeed, I am not desirous to invade your Affections; I know your Years and mine are not suitable. But, pray hear what I would say, and undeceive your self--- I protest---

C. Nay, no protesting: Come, come; I read it in your Looks, your Business is Love---

M. It is on that Score, indeed, that I made bold to intrude on your Retirement--- But then---

C. Ay, ay, but then---I know what you would say more: Those of my Years are too cunning, easily to surrender their Hearts, till they are very well assur'd of the Merits of their Lover---

M. By all that's good, my Business is not to trouble you with any Passion I have for you.

C. Oh, make me believe so, if you can. Just now you said your Business was Love: Can you so soon forget your self?

M. No, I have not--- I own 'tis Love; but then, with humble Submission, I must avow, 'tis not with you.

C. Very pretty!--- Make your Address, and talk of Love; and at the same time, you would have me think they are not meant to me--- O the cunning Devices of Men, to wheedle us in, and ensnare us, if they could, before we are aware of them: But I am a m'd, and on my Guard.

M. What shall I say, to gain Belief?--- By all that's good, I come on no such Purpose--- But---

C. But--- But what? Come, out with it, that I may gain a farther Insight into your deep Dissembling---

M. But, knowing you are Aunt and Guardians to the young and beautiful *Belinda*, whose Eyes have captivated my Soul, I humbly implore your Leave for Freedom to pay my Services, as a Tribute to her Merit.

C. Ha-ha-ha!--- This is a study'd Fetch, beyond the rest--- You use my Niece's Name, to favour your Opportunity to draw me on to Matrimony---

M. I protest, what I have said, is true---

C. Ay,

C. Ay, ay ; I believe---- It makes me blush to think I have held so long Discourse with you at the first Sight ; for, whatever you feign on her Account, I plainly read it in your Eyes, your Love is meant to me---- But I am not so soon to be won, as you expect.

M. You put me, Madam, at a stand, how farther to answer, or persuade you----

C. You puzzle me as much : For, Ten to One, you expect I should presently declare in favour of your Passion---- But Time must give you that Advantage--- I know not what I may do---- Perhaps, hereafter I may accept your Heart if I find you worthy ; otherwise, you may despair of ever gaining me. And so, Farewell. [Exit Cloris.

M. Stay, and go undeceiv'd---- Ha, she's gone. I was too rash ; and fear, this may prejudice my Affairs with the beauteous Maid whom I adore--- But let me think again---- Oh, I have got it.

*I must feign Love, and this old Bell-dam court,  
To gain to her, I love, a free Resort.  
This, sure, is Cupid's Trick ; or 'tis his Sport  
To handle a brisk Lover thus. But we behold,  
Miners make way through Dirt, to get pure Gold.*

*Innocent Love.*

*A Dialogue between Doria and Faunia.*

D. **D**ear Child, you are but young : What make  
you then

*Enquire of Love, and gaze so much on Men ?*

F. Though yet in unripe Years, Time soon will haste,  
When I Love's Joys, as well as you, may taste.



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Therefore I'd know, though early, how to move  
My Steps; and be instructed in the Paths of Love.  
It will not be amiss, should I ne'er try:

Things useful are of Worth, though they're laid by.

D. Pshaw--- Pretty Innocence, give such Thoughts o'er;  
Love's not for you, till your Twelve's made a Score:  
'Tis time enough then to torment your Mind  
In Expectation of more than you'll find.

F. O Gemini!-- a Score!-- ne'er tell me that.  
A Maid so long to live!-- Not I; that's flat.  
Sure, you but jest with me: Pray, think again  
What Sighs I must endure by then; what Pain,  
What Flouts, what Tears-- Have I not plainly know<sup>n</sup>,  
Though young I am, what other Maids have done?  
Cynthia at Thirteen wed, and chearful grew:  
Her Pale to Blushes turn'd; No Fears she knew  
Nor Tears, from that time; but increas'd her Joys:  
Threw Senseless Babies by, for Girls and Boys.

D. Child, you talk merrily: Come, come; forget  
Such fond Discourse, until you have more Wit,  
More solid Years. If some are Fools, must you  
Follow their Steps, who simple Actions do?

F. Is Love then Folly? Oh! ne'er tell me so:  
I heard you sigh, till you its Joys did know.  
You droop'd with Arms a-cross, hung down your Head;  
And look'd not half so gay, till you were wed.

D. You, sure, mistook; but I had stay'd my Time:  
And before then, to think of Love's a Crime.

F. Ne'er tell me that; I mark'd your wandring Eyes;  
Observ'd the Arts you us'd, to catch the Prize  
Some Tears before; and fain would have been doing  
I know not what, long time before your Wooing.

D. O fie, Girl: What dost mean?---

F. ---To let you see,  
You wou'd not be so serv'd, as you'd serve me.

But 'tis no matter ; I, without your Aid,  
Shall find the way not long to live a Maid.  
Something already heaves my panting Breast ;  
And pleasing Dreams are mix'd with silent Rest.  
In Love there's Joys that you would fain conceal :  
You ingross Joys, you envy I should feel.

D. You are still mistaken ; I urge it for your Good :  
Love's rough, and fierce ; and if you understood  
The Danger, you would shun, and not pursue  
What cannot but give Pain, and injure you.

E. Oh, Bugbear me with that— Well, plain I find,  
I ask in vain, and only beat the Wind. }  
Well, Sister, I thought you had been more kind.  
You told me once, with me all Joys you'd share :  
But your Turn serv'd, you little for mine care.

D. Come, let's away, no more dwell on this Theme ;  
A few Years hence it will more proper seem :  
When you are fit for Joys, I'll not deny  
To tell you what becomes my Modesty

E. Well, I'll have some small Patience, Sister, yet :  
I shall be angry if you do forget  
To keep your Word : In the mean while, it seems,  
I must contented be with pleasing Dreams.

Exeunt Ambo.

### The Bargain.

A Dialogue between Dorinda and Clelia.

D. **O** My kind Clelia ! Your Presence is as wel-  
come to me, as Rain to the parched  
Earth, or the Sun to the Frozen Climes, with his  
warm Beams to ung'laze the Scythian Seas. Me-  
thinks Time has run slow, and every Minute  
been tedious, since we met last.

D 5

C. Dear

C. Dear Cousin, you cannot imagine our parting was any ways pleasant or agreeable to me; but Necessity urging, it could not at that time be avoided; yet, breaking through the Hurry of Affairs, I made what haste I could to give you the Satisfaction I know you expected.

D. In what Affairs were you mostly taken up? Prethee, inform me of somewhat that has passed since you left me.

C. A great many trivial Matters, not worth your notice.

D. Can you be concern'd in any thing that will not be pleasing to me to hear it?

C. My Dear, if it was worth your hearing, it was another Matter; then it would look like a Mistrust of Friendship to conceal it from you.

D. Nay, never seek Evasions; for I find by your little Starts and Blushing, there's more than trivial in it.

C. You are pretty good at guessing. Pray, can you think what it may be?

D. Well then, if I must cast a Figure, I shall soon make a Discovery--- yet, I may spare my Pains, I read it in your Eyes.

C. What?--- Nay guess, and I'll be real with you.

D. You are--- ay, marry are you---

C. Indeed, it is so; you have guess'd right.

D. What--- What is it? Did not you tell me, you would be plain with me if my Guess prov'd true?

C. Why, Did not you talk of my being married? Or else I mis-understood you.

D. Not I, I protest, in the least---

C. Then I have gone too far before I was aware.

D. Oh,



D. Oh, have I catch'd you tripping? Come, come; no dissembling, but out with it.

C. Well, Cousin; to be plain with you, I am married; and doubt not but you would have done the same, had Things, in all respects, been so agreeable to your Humour.

D. In Troth, I can say nothing to the contrary. But is this done like a Confident, to do it so privately, to keep it from your Friends?

C. I own I am to blame in that: But it was so sudden, that being asham'd of such a Visionary Love, I could not, without Blushes, and constraining my self, communicate it to you.

D. Well, well, Girl; I forgive thee--- But there is one thing I must claim, as due by Promise.

C. What's that, I prethee?--- Tell me.

D. Oh, you are mighty forgetful, I see; or are so now on purpose--- Was it not agreed between us, That whoever was first married, should give the other an Account of all Proceedings, by way of Encouragement? This I claim, and expect you should perform it; or---

C. Or what?--- Nay, you make me blush. I own the Promise; but, prethee, my Dear, absolve me of it.

D. Not I, by the World: Keep Touch, or lose a Friend.

C. Will you ask me nothing beyond the Bounds of Modesty?--- And then---

D. Can you conceit it?--- No, not for the World--- Be quick, be quick; for I am impatient till you have inform'd me. Methinks I have a Thousand pretty Fancies swimming in my Head already--- Ha-ha-ha---

C. Nay, now you make me blush— I vow, I can't speak a Word to the Point, unless you compose your Countenance to more Gravity.

D. Will this Face do?— Come, Your Woing first.

C. Well, I know I shall be teaz'd to Death if I comply not— Then know, When I came to my Uncle's, the Noise of it soon flew about the Town. I had many Visitants of the Male Sex, as well as the Female: But, among the rest, I discover'd by the eager Looks, Gazing, and now and then dropping a Sigh, that I was not indifferent to young *Aliazander*; who is, indeed, the most sprightly and charming of all the Youths in that Country, if I have not been mis-inform'd.

D. Well, And what of this? Could his Gazing, &c. make you fancy he was in Love with you? I fear you were too fond, Cousin; and made the first Advance.

C. Prethee, Fool, don't believe that; there was more in it; for, having the Favour of my Company in publick, after two or three Visits, wherein I had nothing but Looks and Sighs to ground my Conjectures on, he came closer, would lay his Hand suddenly on mine, gently stroak it, and speedily withdraw it, as if he fear'd to offend; fixing his Eyes on mine, till they dazl'd, and he was not, for a while, capable to remove them; then would he hang down his Head, and blush, whilst a Sigh stole from between his Lips; and labouring to speak, his Words would stick by the way; and sometimes he would be so much out, and falter in the midst of his Discourse, that he would be quite from the Subject, and ramble into Things remote, not remembring what he had said before. Often would he express my Name, foreign

foreign from the Business he was talking about, with others, and fall into a sudden Start when he heard it pronunc'd. And sometimes, being invited by my Uncle to Dinner, he would ever place himself over-against me; and fixing his Eyes on me, would forget to eat; or sometimes slide the Knife on his Fingers, instead of the Meat.

D. Ah me! Are these the Signs of Love? Are Men so weak, and unpremeditated? I could not have thought it, who have beheld them so brisk and active, airy and sprightly witted— But proceed.

C. These are the Signs of True Love, attended with a modest Bashfulness: And by these it may be better known, than by their Words.

D. But, prethee, my Dear, tell me; Did you seem so to understand him, that his Apprehension could reach it.

C. At first I did not, but delay'd for a time to take any notice of it; but perceiving him ever restless and uneasie, sometimes pretending Illness in Company, so to prevent the Discovery of his Passion to such as might turn it to his Prejudice, I could not find in my heart to appear insensible of his Flames, but condescended to give him Encouragement: For, indeed, he was not then indifferent to me; his Person and Parts conspiring to draw me to a Liking, as that Liking did afterwards to Loving.

D. I'll warrant you, he was pleas'd to know this.

C. I do not doubt it: For, after a Sigh or two, and some Hesitations, he began to break his Mind to me in a World of Protestations, and tender Expressions; and so each Interview removing something



something of his former Bashfulness, and at length embolden'd, he took Courage to put the plain Question to me, *viz. Whether my Love could be fix'd on him so, as to be content to become his Loving Wife?* And with that, he imprinted many tender Kisses on my Lips, with Eyes all languishing, which melted me into Willingness, though amidst Blushes, and some Sighs, that escap'd, do what I could to prevent it. I made divers Excuses, neither denying, nor complying; so that he could make little of it at that time: But soon after, I agreeing to be rul'd by my Uncle, the Match was made up, and we were married within three Days after--- Now you have heard the Truth.

D. Is this all?---- A wise Business indeed, if there be no more than this in Love--- I prethee, my Dear, whisper me the rest, if your Modesty, as you term it, will not suffer you, without blushing, to speak it aloud.

C. The rest!--- What?--- How?--- What mean you? Can there be more, think you, in Love, than what I have related?

D. Nay, nay; never mince it; stand not on Niceties; here are none but we--- Proceed--- proceed: I am all Impatience till I have heard you out.

C. Proceed! Prethee, to what?--- Why, I have told you already; therefore, prethee, rest satisfied.

D. A proper Business!--- Are these all the Joys I must expect in Marriage?--- Why, Friendship and Conversation afford more substantial Pleasures, than what you have related. I expected you should have told me something charming, and transporting; Things that ravish the Senses, bordering on Angels Joys, dazzling the Eyes, and

melting at once the Soul— Methinks, my Fancy reaches at something far more exalted, than what you have yet nam'd— You live, as it seems to me, on dull Indifferency, if you know no more.

C. Well, to encourage you, without coming to Particulars; for Modesty and Blushes forbid me to proceed so far; There are a Thousand Joys, transporting beyond Expression, or the Reach of Fancy, that are Attendants on a Marriage-State; where Love's Golden Chain unites both Love and Pleasure; where Souls mix, and are interwoven, as well as Bodies; and ardent Kisses keep Time with Extacies of amorous Twinings— Ha; whether am I carried! I launch too far— Prethee, let this suffice; ask me no more: I blush to Death, to think, my Weakness has given Vent to Words of such a Nature.

D. Well, I find I must be satisfied, whether I will, or no— But, had it been my Turn to have been married first, you would have press'd me farther. But 'tis no matter, I'll not be long behind you.

C. I should not have ask'd so much, but have left it to Experience, as you may do. And so, Cousin, for an Hour or two, Business must excuse my Absence: In the Evening I'll wait on you again.

D. Well, Cousin, I'll not hinder you; pray, go:  
 For, rest I must not, till the rest I know;  
 And some kind Swain such Bliss on me bestow.

## Downright Courtship.

*A Dialogue between Samuel and Martha.*

S. **M**Y pretty Pigs-neyes— How dost thou do, Girl?— Avads, thou art luckily met at this Wake.

M. I prethee, *Sam*, for what?—

—Why, Troth, I have a long time wanted an Opporunity to break my Mind to you; and now, Thanks to my good Luck, I am just jump'd upon thee.

M. O, blefs me!— What mean you by that Word— *Break your Mind*?— Prethee, good *Sam*, have a care of that, 'tis a dangerous thing, especially this hot Weather.

S. Why so?— Why so, Girl?— What Danger can be in it, hot or cold? None, I hope; for I hope the best.

M. Why, if I mistake not, to break your Mind, is, to crack your Brain, Man: And then, where can you expect to go, but to *Bedlam*?—

No, no, foolish Wench; 'tis quite another thing I mean: It differs as much from it, as an Apple from a Nut— I perceive thou art illiterate, and hast not a deep Reach with thee, or thou wouldst have better understood my meaning— Why, Wench, to be yet plainer, it is to lay open my Heart to thee.

M. O dear! You fright me, and make me tremble— Lay open your Heart! God blefs me! I hope you don't intend to murder your self— especially in my Company, to bring me into Trouble.

S. How



S. How silly these Dough-bak'd Animals are at a deep Fetch! Learned Expressions are cast away on them--- I find I must be plain, without Complements.

M. What is it you're muttering now to your self? Prethee, beant in a bad Humour now we are met.

S. No, no; fear not that: I never was in a better in my Life--- I was only studying for suitable Words to inform thee more plainly of my meaning; and that is, By this--- and this---Kiss, I love you.

M. Oh, this is something; now I understand you. You know, I was always for plain, downright---

S. Have at thee again then, Girl; I think this takes better than complementing. If this beant Plain Dealing, the Duce is in it, I Fackins.

M. Nay--- fie---fie--- Why, this is insufferable: See what a rump'd and touz'd Condition you have put me into: My Mother will see it when I come home, and I shall be chid for it, so that I shall---

S. Pish, tell me not of thy Mother, nor trouble your self about her: A Fig for her Anger; thou shalt be better provided for.

M. How--- how's that?--- Let me hear it again. Better provided for! By whom, I wonder?

S. By one that loves you, will wed you, buss you, bed you, and I know not what all.

M. Who is't?--- who is't Sam?--- Can't you tell me his Name? Avads, I long to hear it.

S. How shallow this Wench is!-- Why, Girl, 'tis my self. Methinks, by all I have said, you should have understood as much e'er now.

M. Ah-ha!-- Your self! Say you so?---

S. And

S. And what think you of it? Now I am plain with you. Nay, never blush for the Matter: Is it a Match? Speak.

M. Would you have me resolve you positively at the first Asking?— You never ask'd me before.

S. Yes marry would I— 'Tis Plain-dealing, I think. Why should we spend Time in pulling and halling, that may be better employ'd?

M. Truly, you speak learnedly to the Matter: And, I must confess, I love a Man of Parts who has his Tongue well hung, and t'other Thing well— Ha! What was I going to say? Sure, I am bewitch'd, I think.

S. Come, ne'er blush for the Matter. See, I have prepar'd beforehand; here's the Ring, if you will, look yee: If you wont love—

M. Hold, hold; pocket it not: Nay, I'll accept of it, since you have been at the trouble to lay out your Money for it— But, pray, when must we be married?

S. Why, e'en to Morrow Morning; the sooner, the better. I'll bring a jovial Crew, to fetch thee away, that shall make thy Mother and all the Town stare at 'em

M. Well, now let us part then, that I may return home to prepare things, in order to expect your Coming. If you deceive me after all this, I shall be huge angry—

S. Ne'er fear it: By this Kiss, I'll surely come;

And when we're Wed, convey thee to my Home:

Then thou shalt know by the first Night's kind Sport,

How happy is the Wooing that's but short;

Whilst those are pin'd who make a tedious Court.

---

# CHOICE RULES

## TO

Write Letters of various Kinds,  
Dialogues, &c.

The Art of Pointing, in Writing.  
Instructions for Gentiel and Courtly  
Breeding.

WITH  
The Art and Myſtery of Making Love.

---

*Some Choice Directions for Writing Letters of  
various Kinds, and what is proper to be  
conſider'd in them ; by which one may  
learn to Indict Letters Innumerable, on  
any Subject, &c.*

**N**OW, that you may the better know how  
to Indict Letters, not having a particu-  
lar Precedent by you ; I ſhall lay down  
ſome brief Rules and Directions, that may be ve-  
ry uſeful, both in Particulars, and General.

*Fiſt.*



*First*, If you write to one, to proffer Assistance, direct it not to those whom you are conscious stand not in need of any, lest it should be look'd upon as Vain-Glory, without Intention to perform it, should a real Cause require your Endeavours, and Help; or as an Affront to the Party. In these Letters of Assistance, you may insinuate your extraordinary Affliction for, and Sense of the Party's Suffering; and how much you are willing and ready at all times, if desir'd, to use your utmost Diligence, and spare no Pains, Cost, or Labour, as the Nature of the Thing requires, to contribute towards his Relief; professing your Zeal to serve or stand by him or her, as a true and unshaken Friend in the Adversity befallen.

*Secondly*, In Letters of Consolation, use all Reasons and Arguments of administering Comfort, pointed at the Centre of the Sorrow and Dejection; and shew how much you bear a Part in it. Yet, since Afflictions spring out of the Dust, we ought to look on them as sent from God, to humble us, for our Good: And that all Sorrow, except Godly Sorrow, is hurtful to Nature, and can avail nothing. Then add your Dissuasions from it, mix'd with Comforts and Consolations, as the Nature of the Cause or Thing requires.

*Thirdly*, Letters of Thanks, or Excuse of not being capable to make suitable Returns for Benefits received, must be written in an Obliging and Acknowledging Stile; magnifying the Party's Worth and Goodness; promising all that lies in your weak Performance, to recompence such weighty Favours, proceeding meer'y from his Condescending Goodness towards you, and not any Merit of your own, that could move him to it, &c.

*Fourthly*,

*Fourth'y*, A Letter Congratulatory, is, to rejoice with your Friend, upon any real Advantage accruing to him; as, in his Recovery from Sickneſs, Eſcape of Danger, Proſperity in Affairs, Coming to an Eſtate, happy Marriage, or the like: And in this you ought to expreſs a real Joy.

*Fifthly*, Letters Reprobatory, or of Reproof, are, to ſhew the Party offending, with Gentleneſs, the Faults he or ſhe is guilty of, either Commiſſive, or Omiſſive; and to make the Party ſenſible of the Heinousneſs of it, that he may be ſham'd into an Acknowledgment, and repair as much as in him lies, the Damage done, and be careful not to offend for the future.

*Sixthly*. Letters Excusatory are written to excuſe any Fault done, or Neglect of Friendſhip, or upon any other Account where an Excuse is wanting; which muſt be temper'd with Softneſs, Sorrow and Submiſſion, to gain upon the Good Nature of the Party to whom you write, and gain a favourable Opinion, &c.

*Seventhly*, Letters Accuſatory: Theſe you ought to conſider very nicely; and lay no more to the Charge of the Party you accuſe with Faults, as Ingratitude, Unkindneſs, Neglect, Pride, Diſdain, or any other Vices, than what you are certain you can make good, if Occaſion require it. And unleſs it be on the Account of ſome notorious Crime, as Breach of Truſt, Friendſhip, or the like, deal gently in your Expreſſions, and be not too vehement; leſt, inſtead of its being well taken, it be conſtrued to be Prejudice and Malice. If any harſh Words muſt be inſerted, ſmoothen them with more temperate ones, and ſo bring it off as gentlely as may be, that Truth may be more viſible than Anger in it.

*Eighthly*,

*Eighthly*, Letters of Counsel, or Advice, must be futed with Matter according as the Occasion requires; and then proceed gravely and soberly to deliver your Opinion, and good Advice, strengthening all with good Reasons, and weighty Arguments, against which there can be no proper Objections. But in this Case, consider to whom you give the Advice; lest, it being to those of far more Understanding than your self, or in Matters wherein you are not skill'd, it prove more troublesom, than acceptable; and you be look'd upon as a forward Person, and a Medler in Things you understand not; unless in Cases where your Counsel or Advice is really desired, and then you may give it as far as you perceive it is proper.

*Ninthly*, Letters of Recommendation are sent to affirm your Knowledge or Belief of the Truth and Honesty of Persons you would recommend; as, in case of Trust, Marriage, Service, or the like. And in this Case, insinuate the just Character of Persons and Things, so far as you may reasonably conclude to be responsible for what you write; that no After-Disgrace, or Loss of Friendship may redound to your prejudice; mixing with what you do, moving Expressions, to back and further the Business.

*Tenthly*, Letters Petitionary, or to sue for Favours, or whatever else you are in Necessity for, must be written with a profound Submission; and the Necessity of your Request urg'd strongly, and in a moving Stile; setting forth your Wants, and the great Advantage you are likely to receive if your Expectations are at this time answer'd with as much convenient Speed as their good Pleasure shall think meet; submitting all to the Goodness



and prudent Discretion of the Party to whom you write.

*Eleventhly*, Letters Mandatory, or Commanding, are, where you have a Power over the Party to whom you write, that you expect to have your Will absolutely obey'd: And these are proper from a Father, to a Son; a Master, to a Servant; a Prince, to his Subjects, &c. And the Things commanded, must be consider'd to be in the Party's Power, and lawful to be done.

*Twelfthly*, Letters Exhortatory, or of Exhortation, are, to exhort and admonish the Party you write to, to do, or not to do, according as the Matter requires; persuading him against Vice, and to a Vertuous Life, or the like: And herein move with Moderation, and not with vehement and violent Expressions, lest it give Distaste; and if not being winning on the Party, you gain not your desired Ends.

*Thirteenthly*, Letters Cominatory, or Threatning, are not very properly used; but when they are, they must be written full of Resentments of Injury, in an angry, passionate Stile, to terrifie the Person either to a Submission; or to let him know, he must otherwise give Satisfaction for the Wrong done to your Good Name, Friends, Person, or Estate. But, however, use not unseemly Expressions, lest your Passion appear greater than the Offence, and you be thought to have blinded your Reason.

*Fourteenthly*, Letters of Business, and mix'd Letters, must be indicted as the Matters require, there being no standing Rule to direct you. However, let the Matter of your Business be mostly in the Body of your Letter. And Mix'd Letters have their Variations, as the Multiplicity requires, &c.

*Useful Directions for the Exact Pointing of Stopping, in Letters, or other Writings, very necessary in Reading Prints, &c.*

**P**ointing is held very necessary in Writing and Print; without which, the Sense many times appears unintelligible; or the Meaning of the Words may be controverted, or mistaken. Therefore I have thought fit, for the Direction of many who are Strangers to them, in their Writing, to delineate them.

The principal Points in use, are, the six following, (though there are many others, which I shall also set down in their proper Places,) viz.

- |                    |       |                            |
|--------------------|-------|----------------------------|
| 1. A Comma, thus , | } { } | 4. A Period, or Full-Point |
| 2. A Semicolon ;   |       | 5. An Interrogation        |
| 3. A Colon :       |       | 6. An Admiration           |

A Comma [ , ] is a little Breathing, or Pause; frequently used for the Smoothness of the Style. As in these Verses;

*If thou wouldst have me still love on,  
With all the Flames I first begun,  
Then you must still as scornful be,  
For, if you once but love like me, &c.*

A Semicolon [ ; ] carries more stress than the former, as to the Pause and Sense; and is a Middle Point, between the Comma and the Colon, though not of any o'd standing; for the Antients used it not, except in Exclamatory or Interrogatory Sentences. The Example;

*Thou scornst the Stage, where Poets now-a-days  
Write their own Characters in Bawdy Plays;*

A Colon

A Colon [:] is properly used when the Sentence is not fully ended, though the Sense be well enough, and fully understood; but yet there remains something more. As in these Verses;

*Like thy Lucrece's World, my Rhymes advance  
No Artful Structure; but the Work of Chance:*

A Full-Point, or Period [.] gives the full Sense, and always concludes the Sentence; there being no farther Explanation required. As for Example;

*How quickly are Love's Pleasures gone?*

*How soon are all its mighty Triumphs done?*

*In vain, alas! do we the Banquet taste,*

*Whose Sweets, as swift as Thought, are past.*

An Interrogation [?] is the Demand of a Question, and usually placed at the End of a Sentence, whereby the Matter is understood; but an Answer is required, to make it more properly compleat. As for Example;

*But can my Gift increase thy mighty Store?*

*Can I augment thy Praise? or make it more?*

An Admiration [!] is, when an Amazement or Wonder happens upon any Expression, requiring a sudden Alteration of Mind, or Lifting up of the Hands or Eyes, &c. As for Example;

*Lo! Now his Bloody Banner is display'd;*

*Oh! What numerous Armies hasten to his Aid?*

*Lo! The World's General comes; and from a-far,*

*He brings with him the mighty Men of War.*

As for the rest in use, though less useful and common than what I have mention'd, they are these;

An Hyphen [-] is that which divides a Word at the End of a Line, to direct it to the other part of it in the next Line; or a Word by way of Connexion; and may properly be term'd a Division, or Separation; serving to one and the same Purpose.



An *Asterism* [\*] or *Small Star*, is used when any History or Sentence is alluded, and may be compared with another.

An *Obilisque* [†] is properly used in reference of the Substance, to the Matter placed in the Margin, by comparing the Word's Signification in various Languages.

A *Garet* [^] is, to direct where any interlined Word or Sentence is to come in, in its proper place.

An *Apostrophe* ['] is, for Brevity sake, used in cutting off a Vowel; and properly in Poetry, more than in Prose, for the sake of the Verse.

A *Parenthesis* () is, when the Sense is perfect, an Inclosure of Words that makes it more comprehensive, though the Sense is good without them.

A *Quotation* [""] is, to note that the Words are borrowed, without Variation.

An *Index* [‡] is properly placed to point at any special Matter, or notable Saying, whereon great Stress is laid.

A *Crotchet* [§] varies little from a *Parenthesis*, and is used when some extraordinary Word is to be noted; many times including a Sentence; and is proper sometimes to explain the Meaning after a *Parenthesis*.

A *Parallel* [||] is used to compare the Signification of Texts, or Interpretation, bearing one and the same Meaning, or being Parallel.

A *Section* [§] is placed at the Dividing of any large Treatise, into divers Breaks, or Parts.

A *Paragraph* [¶] is a certain Number of Lines in a Book, referring only to themselves; and properly, an entire Story.

And thus much for the necessary Usefulness of Pointing, and Points.

Super

*Superscriptions or Directions of Letters to Persons of all Ranks and Qualities, suitable to either Sex.*

**T**o the Sacred Majesty of William III. &c. Or,  
To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

To His Royal Highness the Prince of D——

To Her Royal Highness the Princess.

To His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

To His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York. Or,

To the Most Reverend Father in God, &c.

And to all other Bishops, Supercribe, To the Right Reverend Father in God; Naming their Christian Names, and the Bishopricks to which they particularly appertain.

To His Grace the Duke of L. Or, To the High Born Prince, T. D. Duke of L.

To the Right Honourable the Marquiss of H.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of E.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount B.

To the Right Honourable the Lord G. Baron C.

The Sons of Noble-men are stiled Honourable, though in Writings, or some other Matters, they are properly but Esquires in their Father's Lifetime, though the eldest has, Nominally, the next Title to his Father.

To His Excellency L. C. Ambassador to the High and Mighty Prince, L. And so are all Ambassadors stiled; as likewise the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when in being; and so the Lords Justices of that Kingdom, when there is no Lord Lieutenant, or Deputy. This also belongs to the General of the King's Forces.

To all Privy Counsellors, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward of the House,

hold, Secretary of State, Lord Privy Seal, &c. direct your Letter thus, *To the Right Honourable*, &c. afterwards naming their Dignity and Offices; as the rest.

*To the Right Worshipful, G. C. Kt. & Bar.. And so to the Knights of the Bath, below the Degree of Peers.*

*To the Lords Chief Justices, Right Honourable; And so to the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.*

*To a Knight, Sir; or, To the Worthy, Sir C. D. Kt. these humbly present; or, To the Worshipful, Sir C. G. Kt.*

*These for D. G. Esq; or, For the Worshipful, D. G. Esq;*

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the City of London: And so to the Lord Mayor of the City of York; or, as some more properly hold it, only To the Honourable the Lord Mayor of York.*

And those who have passed the Chair, as Lord Mayor of London, are ever stiled Honourable.

All Members of the House of Commons are Esquires by that Dignity, during their being Members, though Farmers or Trades-men chance to be Elected.

*To the Worshipful, Alderman B. C.*

*To the Worshipful, Sheriff C. D.*

*To the Reverend Judge, C. D. Or, To the Reverend, C. D. one of His Majesty's Justices.* Note, this refers to those who are not Lords Chief Justices, or Lord Chief Baron.

*To Mr. M. D. Serjeant at Law.*

*To Mr. C. G. Counsellor at Law.*

*To any of the Inferiour Clergy direct thus, To the Reverend, B. R. D. D. and so, as their Degree is, naming their Preferment and Dignity.*

All Mayors of Borough-Towns, or Masters of Corporations, by the King's Charter, are ever after stiled Esquires.

To



To all private Gentlemen ; *These for Mr. W. M*  
 To all Gentlewomen, &c. To Madam L. N. or,  
 To Mrs. L. N.

But to Women of Quality ; as, the Wife of a  
 Duke, Marquiss, Earl, Viscount, Baron, or Knight,  
 their proper Titles are to be given ; as, Dutchess,  
 Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess, Baroness, or  
 Lady ; modelling the rest by what is directed for  
 their Husbands.

And by these Examples, any thing that is omit-  
 ted, may be made conformable.

*Inscriptions futable for the Tops of Letters,  
 over the Matter contain'd in the In-side,  
 or Letter it self.*

**T**O the King ; Dread Sir, Sacred Sir, May it  
 please Your Majesty, or Dread Sovereign

To the Prince ; Royal Sir, or May it please Your  
 Royal Highness.

To the Princess ; Madam, or May it please Your  
 Royal Highness.

To a Duke ; My Lord, or May it please Your Grace.

To a Dutchess ; Madam, or May it please Your Grace.

To a Marquiss ; My Lord, or may it please Your  
 Lordship.

To a Marchiness ; Madam, or may it please Your  
 Ladyship.

To an Earl ; My Lord, or May it please Your Honour.

To a Countess ; Madam, or May it please Your Honour.

And the like to a Viscount, Viscountess ; Ba-  
 ron, Baroness, &c. only distinguishing the Sex.

To a Baronet ; May it please the Right Worshippful.

To his Lady ; Madam, or May it please Your Lady-  
 ship.

To a Knight; Sir, or *May it please your Worship.*  
 To any Gentleman; Sir, or *Much honoured.* And,  
 To any Gentlewoman, indifferently; *Madam,*  
 or *Mistress.*

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*Subscriptions, or Conclusions of Letters.*

**Y**ours, in all Obedience, to serve you, C. B.  
 Your most Humble and Devoted Servant, L. G.  
 Yours, in all Affection and Tenderneſs, M. K.  
 Yours, in what Commands you please to lay on me, R. P.  
 Yours, in all Sincerity, and Cordial Love, P. G.  
 Your ever obliged Friend, and Servant, K. L.  
 Yours unalterably, till Death, M. N.  
 Your humble Slave, prostrating himself at your Feet,

**C. T.**

Yours, more than my own, in all Obedience, P. B.  
 Yours, in all that I may, to serve you, N. N.  
 Your most Passionate, and Devoted Lover, C. D.  
 Yours Eternally, in Wishes and Desires, M. L.  
 Your very loving Friend, and Servant, P. C.  
 Your most Obedient Son, P. L.  
 Your most Dutiful Daughter, M. A.  
 Your most Affectionate Father, or Mother, L. or C. S.  
 I rest, the Admirer and Adorer of your Beauty, and  
 Transcendent Vertues, J. K.  
 I remain, Happy all Ways to do you Service, A. C.  
 I beg Leave to subscribe my self, your most Faithful,  
 Obligated, and Obedient Servant, J. P.  
 I shall ever continue your Faithful Friend, J. B.  
 I am, Madam, your most Passionate Votary, T. R.

## INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

Gentiel and Courtly Breeding,

To render either Sex accomplished,  
and well to carry and behave them-  
selves in all Companies, and on  
Imergent Occasions.

**G**enerous and Gentile Breeding is an Orna-  
ment to either Sex, it quallifies them for  
Conversation, and gains applause from Superi-  
ours and Inferiours; makes them be respected  
and Esteemed of most, and those few that are not  
affected with it, are usually of a sordid, morose  
Temper, and not coveted in Humane Society.

This however consists not in an affected Gait,  
nor Jaunty Carriage, for these favoring of Folly  
and Pride, are opposit to Courtly Breeding;  
it then must consist in a good Decorum, modest  
Behaviour, Affability without Affectation, Cur-  
teous Speeches, and a free flowing Eloquence,  
purged from all conceitedness, or expectation of  
vain Applause, ever well timed.



Modesty, above all things, is requisite in either Sex, but particularly the Females, and this Confines it self not only to the face, for there it may appear only in shadow and Effigie, but in Life and Motion, in Words, whence it banishes all indecent Rudeness, insolent Vauntings, and supercilious Disdains, and whatsoever else may render a person Rediculous, or troublesome to Conversation: This refines and Tunes the Language, modulates the Tone and Accent, admitting of no unhandsom Earnest, or ill timed Loudness of Discourse; this prescribes not only the manner, but the measure of Speaking; and restrains all excessive Talkativeness.

Affability and Curtesy, are great Advances to make Men and Woman acceptable, and much Esteemed; as for Affability, it may be considered as a Human Accomplishment, or as a divine Virtue, and is Commendable in either of these Notions, but 'tis the latter that gives it the highest excellency and perfection; as for the first particular, it derives it self either from a noble and ingenuous Education, or something jointly from both, and this begets the greatest Respect and Esteem imaginable, when whilst others Mistakenly think they acquire a Reverence by putting on a supercilious gravity, Looking coy and disdainfully on all about them, which betrays them (howevery great they may appear) neither to be well bred nor truly Noble; and this gives reasonable suspicion, that theirs is but a pagentry greatness; some Mushroom newly sprung up, that stands stiff and swells, and instead of keeping others at a distance, this fastidious Disdain invites them to a closer Inspection, that turns to their discredit.

But

But the Effects of Courtesy, as I have hinted, quite contrary, it endears to all; and often steps up Reputation in Spight of many Blemishes; a kind Word, or look, from a Superior, is strangely charming, and insensibly steals away the heart.

Meekness is an other Accomplishment of gentle Breeding, and in this consists of a threefold nature; the Meekness of the Understanding of the Will, and the Meekness of Affection, which concur to make up the Meekness of a quiet Spirit; the Meekness of the Understanding consists in a pliability in Conviction, and is diametrically opposite in the Sullen adherence, observable in so many; The Meekness of the Will consists in a just subordination, and submission to supreme authority, which in Divine things is the Will of God, in natural, or Moral, right Reason, and in humane Constitution, on the Command of Superiours.

The meekness of Affection consists in reducing the Passions to a Temper and Calmness, not suffering them to make Disturbances to ones self internally, or by breaking out to disquiet others; and to these Regulations Meekness is generally subservient, and highly qualifies Men and Women for the largest accomplishments: To these add Compassion and Piety and do every thing seasonably, and with such an Evenness of Temper, that all your Actions may render you Esteemed Abroad, and at Home in all Company and Conversation of all Degrees, as Superiours, Equals and Inferiours, do all things without Affection, which may insensibly carry you into many Errors; ever give place to your Betters, and strain not Curtesie with your Equals for it, no, nor Inferiours,

feriours, but rather accept it by their free proffer, if you see it Convenient.

Modest Attire is one main sign of good Breeding, and a Dissertation from Pride; for a flaunting, gaudy Dress above your Rank, or if it be not, betrays an inward Pride, or, what is as bad, a vain fantastical Humour to be noted, as a Fashion-monger, and think to be valued for that which is an others making, being prov'd of the Sempstress and Taylor, as too many are, that value themselves more upon their fine Cloaths than their Parts, but such serve only as walking Comedies, to make the Wiser sort merry, and themselves Rediculous.

Recreations well timed are proper, as well for Contributing the healthful Constitution of the Body, as to unbend the Cases of the Mind, but then they must be ordered in a moderate way, and being Recreations, they may be pursued as such, and not so prosecuted that they may be lookt on as your Business; for that betrays your want of Discretion, and you may be taken to be Complaisant, but not wise, to know what best Contributes to your being spoken well off, and even let your Devotions be carefully ordered in publick places; least you give offence, or encouragement to others, the first to the Discreet and Devout, and the latter to the prophane and Careless, and so bring a Reproach and Scandal upon your Name, and in this point it is to be observed, that Religion doth not consist in loud Responses, Devout Convulsions, or praying in an extraordinary manner, though some Ladies and Gallants are so extremely crying at Church, that one would think the Worm of Conscience made them so uneasy to themselves, and from



blesom to others: They have such a divided Face between a devout Ogle, and an inviting Glance, that the unnatural Mixture causes their purest Looks to appear ridiculous; theretore Modesty is here particularly to be used, considering in whose Presence you more immediately are, and what a weighty Business you are engaged in.

As for Motion, Gesture or Salutes, upon meeting with Friends, Relations or Strangers, or being introduced into Company; they are most seemly, when directed by the Rules of Modesty and Gravity; not with too much Earnestness, which makes Things of this nature look awquard, and not well timed. Be at no time too free in Discourse, nor engage in unseemly Laughter. Throw not out unseasonable Jests, or Quibbles, that may give Offence; for Things, though innocently meant, and really so in themselves, not well timed, are many times ill taken: Wherefore, when you pass these, you ought to be well acquainted with the Temper and Humour of your Company, that no Offence be given.

Be not unseasonably out of Humour; for that shews you are not Master of your self, or at least not of a Facetious Temper; and it will give Occasion to reflect on you, as one morose, and of no Gentiel Breeding: Carry every thing, therefore, even; and so order Matters, that the least Stain cannot fix on your Reputation, or spot your good Name; and so you will be esteemed, and admired, your Fame and your Fortunes, no doubt, advanced; however, you will enjoy the Happiness of Life, which consists in Vertue, and is the only true Sweet it contains; all beyond, and on this side of it, being so frequently mixed and imbitter'd with Troubles and Vexations, that

that they are not worth reaching at, or regarding.

I might consider of many more Particulars tending to Grateful Carriage, and Winning Behaviour; but having, by what has been said, given you a large Insight into what will chain all the rest to them, and wanting Space, I am constrained to omit Enlarging any farther upon these Particulars. I proceed therefore to Variety of other Matters, which I cannot doubt but will be pleasing to you; for, past all Peradventure, a Woof of so many Threads can be no less. Variety is tempting, and Change is much desirable to the Reader: So that, giving a free Taste of what I conceive may best delight you, it may the more indear me to you, and oblige me for the future to serve you farther; in which, a willing Mind on my part shall not be wanting, if you contribute your Mites of Encouragement towards this, which, I dare undertake to prognosticate, will live, in spite of Envy, to see many good Days, and pleasure future Ages.

THE

# THE Art and Myſtery OF LOVE;

Laying down

Rules and Precepts to render Lovers  
Successful in their Amours.

**C**ertain it is, that Love takes up a good part  
of the Buſineſs of Life; carrying with it  
pleaſing Heat, that heightens and warms  
Deſire, and that draws an Affection; and that Af-  
fection increaſing, aims moſtly at Matrimony, as  
its proper Centre.

Indeed, there is nothing more coveted by either  
Sex; and being a very weighty Buſineſs, it ought  
to be moved to with Caution, and great Regard.  
For, a Matter on which the Happineſs or Miſery  
in this World ſo mainly depends, ought not to  
be enter'd upon without mature Deliberation, and  
all the Foreſight that can penetrate into future  
Contingencies.

However, Nature has furniſhed Matrimony  
with thoſe concomitant and convenient Pleaſures,  
and



and render'd it so charming, especially at a distance, that it is impossible to hinder the Impetuosity of youthful Flames, and ardent Desires. Notwithstanding which, some Rules for, and Directions to Lovers, is thought necessary, that they may as well see with the Eyes of their Reason, as those of their Passion, in the Management of so important a Business. And in this Case, Ovid advises,

*If there be any in this Multitude,*

*That in the Art of Love is dull and rude,*

*Me let him read, and these my Lines rehearse;*

*He shall be made more perfect by my Verse.*

*By Art of Sails and Oars, Seas are divided:*

*By Art, the Chariot runs: By Art, Love's guided.*

As it is natural for Men and Women to desire, so is it as natural to desire what is pleasing; and that is chiefly Beauty and Comeliness, with suitable Concomitants! However, the Mind, in making Choice, is various, as the Fancies and Humours of the several Parties are inclined. As for Beauty, it consists in the Lineaments and Perfections of the Face, and the Body's Actions and Demeanours; for without a beautiful Deportment, a fair Face, in the Esteem of the Wise, is not of so excellent Regard. And those who fancy themselves beautiful without it, find not that Fancy hold in others; though, I must confess, in our Days, Money greatly atones for Imperfections. But here we intend not to meddle with Dross, but what deservedly may have Esteem, when tried by Love's truest Touch-stone.

In the first place then, a Lover ought to have a good Confidence and Assurance of himself, that he is really worthy to merit the Favour and Good Likings of her he designs to join with in Marriage. For a lost, mean Esteem hinders Briskness in the Address, and Freeness in Discourse; giving the haughty

haughty Female a Ground to raise her Pride on, and to esteem better of her self than she is. However, all things must be carried on with Modesty, and Decency; nothing offered unseasonably, that may tend to Rudeness, or seem unmannerly; for, if, upon any slight Occasion, your Mistress conceives a Prejudice against you, it will not easily be reformed, or rectified; but many times improved, by the buzzing Malice of others, breaks out into Irreconcilable Aversion, if not Hatred.

Observe very nicely her Temper and Humours, and conform your self to them in all reasonable Respects: Be diligent and observant to win upon her; for many little Services, being officiously applied, takes more with the soft Sex, if rightly timed, and adapted to their Humours, than Treats or Gifts, unless you have to deal with one who is extravagantly profuse her self, and requires no less in her Admirers: And in such a Case, it is to be consider'd whether such an one is worth a sober Man's gaining; for, Ten to One, but being married, he soon repents his Bargain: Though moderate Expences in Courtship are at sundry times unavoidable; and a Vertuous Woman, that means well, will desire no more, lest, if the Match should break off, it should redound to her Reproach: If it take, there is so much wasted, that might have turned to better Purposes.

All her modest and reasonable Injunctions, or Commands, must be complied with, and obeyed, with such a ready Diligence, as if you were proud of the Service, and counted it the highest of Favours she could confer on you.

If she has any Private, or Female Confidence, you must always make fair Weather with her, but never be so familiar, as to give Grounds for Jealousie,

Jealousie, or a Mistrust of your Loyal Intentions to your Mistress; and by this means the Suit will be the easier carried on, for the Fair One will communicate to her, what her Blushes, and the strict Rules of Modesty forbid her to do to you: She will be asking her Advice, how she approves of you, and whether she thinks it an agreeable Match, and lay open all the Secrets of her Heart; and then a little Backing and Approving will work mainly for your Interest; and knowing how her Mind moves, you may the better apply your Arguments and Reason to the purpose.

Beware that you cavil not at Faults in your Mistress's Conduct; neither forget, as it appears seasonable, to commend her Beauty and Vertues: For if you go about to lay any Blot or Stain on either, or do not rather extol them, she will be apt to take Pet, and think you a Man of Indifference; and that, after Marriage, she shall be slighted, if not reproached.

Never promise more than you are satisfied you are able to perform; for being so taken tripping, you will hardly be credited in other Matters. Also be not ever punctual in your Times of waiting on her, but let them not be unseasonably, either to intrude into her Chamber, by way of Surprise, before she is dress'd, or being so fondly troublesome to her, in keeping her up late from her Natural Repose.

Above all things, when you converse with her, mark the Language of her Eyes, for they shew the Passion of the Mind, when the Tongue often either refrains to utter it; or denies what the Heart dictates, out of a seeming Bashfulness, or a more substantial Trial of Affection.

Now and then a stolen or surprising Kiss, seasonably gained, will not be amiss, but rather make the

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the fair Charmer more indearing to you, though she may seem to take a little coy Pet, and either struggle against it, or gently chide you; and then you must use your smoothest Rhetorick to excuse it: But in any sort, be not rude, nor boisterous, if you really intend to gain what your Wishes aspire to; especially with modest Virgins, whose Modesty cannot allow of such Freedom in Courtship; but if she admit you kindly to the Favour of her Coral Lips, you have then gain'd a great Point, and may promise your self more than a Probability of possessing all that is lovely and desirable, if your Impatience hinder it not. Yet some wild Ladies are much satisfied with the pleasing Violence of forced Kisses; but those I leave to the wilder sort of Men, being now laying down Precepts for modest Lovers, who design in Marriage no more, than to be happy by all the Vertuous Ways of a constant Matrimonial Love.

If your Mistress be at any time grieved, not only labour to comfort her, but seem to sympathise with her in her Affliction: Weep if you can when she weeps, and rejoice when she rejoices: Be not long absent from her in her Sicknesse, but bemoan her, put up your Wishes and Prayers for the Recovery of her Health, and do her all the seasonable and suitable kind Offices imaginable; which will greatly win on her Affection, and cause her to esteem your generous Pity and Tenderness, as valuable Proofs of your Love towards her.

When you walk, be hasty and careful to take up, and kindly deliver to her her Glove, Fan, or any other thing; which many times she will drop, on purpose to try your ready Obedience to serve her. If any Spots or fleeting Things light on her Clothes, be diligent and officious to brush them

them off; and sometimes, to keep your self employed, brush off nothing, as Lovers term it.

When she is pleased to sit, provide her the softest and most convenient Seat: Prefer her in all Places before others, if it be proper, or decent; or else leave her to her own Liking: Help her at the Table, to what she best likes; kiss the Glass where she has drank, and do every little Service that may seem pleasing in her Eyes. If it seems too much Flattery, extreamly to commend her Beauty, then lay that Obligation on her Vertues; extol the Beauty of her Mind, as most agreeable to you, above all Perfections upon Earth.

If urgent Occasions take you from her for a Time, forget not, to write the most soft and obliging Letters you can frame, to her; excusing your Absence, and earnestly desiring your urgent Affairs may not detain you from waiting on her, and paying those Respects due to her Merits; begging her Answer, to comfort you, and support your Spirits, whose Thoughts, in the midst of your great Affairs, are continually center'd in her.

If you have a Rival, speak not maliciously of him, lest she fancy you know he has an Advantage over you, and there is more of Merit in him, than she has yet discover'd; but, as much as may be, shun to be with her in his Company, lest, he knowing your Ascendant over him, Heats arise, and your Mistress be disgusted. Watch her sighs, that steal from her unpremeditated; her Blushes, coming and going; her laying her Hand on yours, and suddenly taking it off again; her gently Squeezing your Fingers: And upon a fit Opportunity, push boldly for the Prize.

CURIOUS  
SELECT POEMS,  
ON  
Sundry Occasions.

First, *Upon Love's Inconstancy.*

When most we love, and think our Wish is  
near,  
Then from behind some Nook starts pale-fac'd Fear,  
That long had lurk'd there to surprize the Joy  
Too hasty born, and unfledg'd Bliss destroy :  
O'er-casts the Soul, that just now beam'd a Ray  
Of Comfort, bright as those of Infant Day.  
Thus we, like *Sisyphus*, are doom'd to pain ;  
To roll the Stone, that will descend again.  
When we have labour'd long in the great Task,  
And think all gain'd that we can wish or ask,  
Then a cross Wind, by fickle Fortune sent,  
Whisks away what would give our Minds Content.  
Like flatt'ring Dreams, a while all things seem fair ;  
But grasping at them, vanish into Air,

Delude



112 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

Delude our Hands, and leave our Souls perplex'd;  
 So are fond Lovers by Unkindness vex'd:  
 For a few Sun-beams, many Storms endure;  
 And when they think they have made all secure,  
 The beating Surges, push'd on by Disdain,  
 And peevish Pride, soon undo all again, (Pain:  
 Drowning their Joys, yet keeps them fresh for }  
 New Toils to undertake, at vast Expence,  
 In fond Expectance of a Recompence:  
 Which, if 'tis ever gain'd, 's not worth the Cost;  
 Yet in this Enterprize are Numbers lost; (stroy'd,  
 Lost to themselves, and Friends, their Peace de-  
 And Life's best Sweets by them left unemploy'd.  
 Those who Indifferency chuse, speed best:  
 He who for Love does never break his Rest,  
 Finds most the Fair One kind; for, *Parth'an*-like,  
 They-deepest Wounds in their Pursuers strike,  
 And take no Care to cure them, but retreat;  
 But the least Facing, they'll more kindly meet.  
 If you would gain a Conquest with Delight,  
 At their own Wiles and Weapon with them fight,  
 And soon a Yielding in their Eyes you'll see;  
 And thereupon, ne'er doubt the Victory.

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*Love's Cure; or, the proud Lady stripp'd of  
 her Charms. A Poem.*

**S**ince *Sylva* is resolv'd, and still remains  
 Proud of her Scorn, and senseless of my Pains,  
 I must, I will her just Accuser turn,  
 And quench the Flames that, unregarded, burn.  
 Help, mighty Love: Assist me, fierce Despair;  
 Assist the Suff'ring, to describe the Fair.

Thou

Thou canst with Words Imagination dress,  
And to the Life of Fancy all express :  
Draw then the Picture of her stately Pride;  
Which, whilst it charms, more charming Graces hide.  
Display those Beauties in cold Rigour lost,  
Like blooming Blossoms, nip'd with early Frost :  
Through shadow'd Colours, to her Eyes advance ;  
Shew how they strike us with a careless Glance :  
Yet let those Eyes all Eyes with Wonder fill,  
Whilst, unconcern'd, they seem to save, or kill.  
Then place her fond, imploring Lover there,  
Thrown at the Feet of the Relentless Fair.

If with this Sight her Anger be not laid,  
Revenge must then be call'd in to my Aid.  
Come, sweet Revenge, I'm now thy Darling grown;  
For thou'rt above the Malice of her Frown.  
My injur'd Breast with gen'rous Anger fill,  
Resolv'd to hate her, though I love her still.  
Let well-bred Duty, with strict Justice, move  
Resentment ; heighten, not debase my Love.  
Yet, *Sylv'a*, say, What Beauty canst thou show,  
But what thou dost to my fond Passion owe ?  
At last I find it true, that Beauty lies,  
Not in the Lady's, but the Lover's Eyes.  
Rough Stone, into a Goddess has been wrought:  
I grac'd your Form, I rais'd you thus in Thought,  
And turn'd thy Imperfections into Charms,  
*Pigmalion*-like, to clasp thee in my Arms.  
'Twas I that neatly polish'd e'ery Part,  
And set thee up an Idol in my Heart :  
Paid such Devotion to thy proud Disdain,  
As might from Heav'n, the Blessing ask'd, obtain.  
I will Ungodde's thee again, proud Thing ;  
Reason takes back what frantick Love did bring.

The Roses from thy Cheeks it now commands;  
 And Lillies, borrow'd, to adorn thy Hands;  
 And snatches (while of Charms each Part it strips)  
 Pearls from thy Mouth, and Coral from thy Lips  
 As Light, when e'er it casts a Golden Ray,  
 Makes all things shine with borrow'd Lustre, gay,  
 So have my Praises made thy Features bright,  
 And I may call them now my own by Right;  
 For, when thou scarce could'st boast a lovely Brown,  
 My Fancy made thee like a dazzling Sun.  
 All this I claim, as by my Favour lent;  
 And leave thee nothing but thy own Contempt.  
 Thus Angels fell by Pride, that Female Sin.  
 Hadst thou been meek, how glorious hadst thou  
 (been)

*The Complaining Lover to his False and Cruel  
 Mistress. A Poem.*

**M**UCH I endur'd, my Patience long oppress'd,  
 Tyr'd with ill Usage, is o'ercome at last:  
 Begone, fond Love; and leave my weary'd Breast.  
 Freed from thy Chains, I blush to think I bore  
 What without Shame I underwent before.  
 Conqueror, I proudly spurn poor vanquish'd Love;  
 Though long first, I at last so pow'ful prove.  
 Go on, persist, you'll ne'er the Pains repent;  
 The bitter'st Potions oft convenient.  
 And have I been so oft repuls'd, refus'd;  
 The cold hard Ground for my soft Pillow us'd?  
 Have I, whilst you some Rival bless'd within,  
 Without, a waiting, slavish Servant been?



Nay, I've seen more—the happy Man pass by,  
Feeble with Love, and over-toil'd with Joy.  
Nay, worse; he has beheld me in that place.  
Oh, may my worst of Foes prove such Disgrace.  
Ha'n't I obsequiously, through all the Town,  
Gallanted, Treated, Coach'd you up and down?  
Lov'd for my sake, whilst in my Company;  
Others you pleas'd, because ador'd by me.  
What should I add? Your perjur'd Treacheries,  
Mock-Vows, Sham-Promises, and Jilting Lies;  
Yours and your Lover's silent, stolen Commerce,  
By purpos'd Nods, known Signs, and Am'rous  
Tweers,

When by my Presence bar'd a free Discourse,  
'Twas said, she's sick; with eager Haste I flew,  
And found she was not to my Rival so.  
This, and much else, thus long I've tamely bore:  
Get some new Fool, for I'll drudge on no more.  
My Ship at last has gain'd the happy Port,  
And brooks now safe the tossing Waves with Sport.  
Cease your vain Wheedles, they'll no longer pass:  
I'm not the fond, believing Fool I was.  
Yet, Ah—too thwarting Passions strongly move  
My doubtful Breast; hate one way, t'other love;  
And Love, I fear, at last will Victor prove.  
I'll hate you if I can; if not, at least,  
I'll love unwillingly. The Captive Beast  
Likes not his Yoke, and yet is with it press'd.  
Fly I your Crimes? Your stronger Charms restrain?  
Those do I hate, but those I would in vain.  
Thus can I not without, nor with thee live;  
And scarce I know what I my self would have.  
O that you were less false, or else less fair:  
Such Faults, such Beauty, too too diff'rent are.  
Your Guilt claims Hate; your Face does Love intreat:  
Ah me! This still more prevalent is, than that.

Spare

Spare then by all the Ties of former Joy,  
 By all those Gods so oft you're perjur'd by;  
 Nay, and that Charming, Lovely Face of thine,  
 By those bright Eyes that made me blind with Love,  
 Whate'er you are, you shall be ever mine,  
 Though you unworthy and unconstant prove.

I find I must with those fierce Gales comply,  
 That force my Sails to Love, in spite of me.

*The Lively Description of the Bower of Love.*

A Poem.

**I**N Antient Mountains stands, whose Friendly  
 Shade

Shelters the Verdure of the Subject Glade:  
 No Snow dares lodge on its delicious Brow;  
 Nor ruffling Winds presume on it to blow.  
 The teeming Clouds, though fond to drop a Shower,  
 Dare never shed it on this Sacred Bower.

But Ease and Pleasure in soft Empire reign;  
 The Eyes saluted with a Lasting Green:  
 Nor dares Cold Winter there at all be seen.

The Eye proceeding, may a Plain behold,  
 Profusely circl'd with a Verge of Gold,  
 Which twines the Meadow in a Flow'ry Fold.

This was the Price of an Embrace, bestow'd  
 On Lovely *Venus*, by the *Lemnian* God.

Here too are Fields, vex'd by no Oxen's Toil;  
 But gentle Gales improve the fertile Soil.

There stands a Grove, to which no Bird must move,  
 Unless fair *Venus* does their Notes approve.

Here youthful Branches sprout; each Tree receives  
 Instilling Warmth, and moves its sprightly Leaves.

Inclining

Inclining Palms each other's Love inspires;  
 And in soft Sighs, seem to confess Desires.  
 Th' Amorous Pines too one another move;  
 The Vines grow wanton; Beeches whisper Love;  
 And all the Barky Tribe its pleasing Rites approve.  
 Two Springs of disagreeing Mixture glide;  
 And dissonant Murmur one another chide, (slide.  
 Where Streams of Gall, with Waves of Honey  
 Here Cupid dip'd his Shafts, (so Antient Fame,)  
 Some in the Sweet, some in the Bitter Stream.  
 Swarms of young Loves around the Margin play,  
 Then dip their Wings, and laughing, fly away.  
 With these the cautious Nymphs have stock'd the  
 But the All-powerful Deity of Love (Grove,  
 Alone from the soft Goddess *Venus* came;  
 The fairest Scion from the fairest Stem:  
 'Tis he, whose Pow'rs the Spheres and Stars obey;  
 To whom both Poles their distant Tribute pay:  
 O'er all the Universe this Boy does reign;  
 In Heav'n and Earth, none do his Pow'r disdain:  
 With equal Sway, o'er all Degrees he sits;  
 And *Jov*, his Thunder laid aside, submits.  
 On none but Hero's he employs these Darts;  
 The rest, on lower Souls, and meaner Hearts.  
 Here Spright'y Youth Despotically shoves  
 Decrepid Age; which, grumbling, thence removes.  
 At a due Distance a proud Palace shines,  
 Whose Gold with the reflecting Branches joins;  
 Whence the Gilt Beams return in Azure Lines.  
 Here well-wrought Gold and polish'd Jewels shew  
 What th' Artful Labour of a God can do.  
 Vast Beams of Emralds the Gilt Ceiling rear,  
 Which Pillars, hewn from Rocks of Jacinth, bear;  
 O'er which, th' Aspiring Pile adorns the Air:



By Walls of Beryl, Steps of Jasper rise ;  
 Under proud Feet, degraded Aggat lies ;  
 And Am'rous Landskips feast the ravish'd Eyes.  
 The Court i'th' midst, a Verdant Square does  
 show, (grow)

Where on their Genial Gleebs the Infant-Spices  
 Whilst through the Rhinds transpiring Odours  
 flow ;

Expensive of their Sweets, the Tops they rear ;  
 And thus mix kindly with the Ambient Air.

Here Cassia, Amber, Cinnamon diffuse  
 Their costly Breaths, and rich *Arabian* Dews.

Here Pleasure rules, though ignorant of Law ;

No Bound to stem Desire, or prompting Nature aw

Fair Nymphs, with Am'rous Strife, invite to Bliss ;

And a kind, faint Denial bids you pre's ;

And Threats of Anger only court a Kiss.

One vows y<sup>e</sup> are rude: Oh! if you do, she'll shriek

Then swoons into your Arms, and kindly leans  
 her Neck ;

Whilst Tracks of Pleasure, in becoming Streaks,

With lovely Guilt, adorn her blushing Cheeks.

Here, at a Nonplus, a young Lover glows ;

Yet in Intrigue, a Novice bashful grows :

There Antick Troops march on in Airy Files,

Hopes link'd with Fears, and Frowns a-breast  
 with Smiles ;

And melting Glances, back'd with Artful Wiles.

Next comes a Flight of daring Perjuries,

And lightly mounted on prevailing Sighs ; (Skies.

They frolick in the Air, and brave the blushing

Muse, skreen the rest, what shuns the Light, decline

Nor dare to look, where *Phæbus* dares not shine

But in substantial Darkness let them dwell,

By rising Conduits, thick'ning to a Hell.

*Love's Golden Age.* A Poem.

Fair Golden Age, not because Rivers, purld  
 With Streams of Milk, to feed the Infant  
 World ;  
 And Virgin-Honey drop'd from e'ery Tree,  
 Nature's own Hive for the industrious Bee.  
 The Earth, untill'd, her Plenty freely gave ;  
 And all the Labour was, to wish, and have.  
 When Stingless Snakes for Love, not Fear, did stray,  
 And in the Woods securely lost their Way.  
 Nor did above one hov'ring Cloud appear,  
 But undivided heav'n and earth look'd fair: (here.  
 And if the Gods make Heav'n, then Heav'n was  
 'Twas always Spring, and always like to hold ;  
 And younger grew, as Time in Years grew old.  
 No Storm had rais'd those Seas that lay beneath :  
 The New-born Winds as yet could scarcely breath ;  
 Too weak to fill a Sail, or conduct home, (overcome.  
 Or War, or Wealth, which, more than War, has

Fair Golden Age, but not alone for these ;  
 From something greater sprung thy Happiness :  
 Happy alone, because that empty Name,  
 That Airy Nothing, built on lighter Fame,  
 That Title without Substance, senseless Thing,  
 The World's great Idol, that much Care does bring ;  
 Falsly call'd Honour, our worst Enemy,  
 Had not imbitter'd Love with Cruelty ; (Fires,  
 Nor bounded with harsh Laws those Am'rous  
 Which die and languish in confin'd Desires.  
 When Laws were Golden as the Age, and free  
 As Nature's Self, to love where best pleas'd thee ;

'Twas then that to the bubbling of the Spring,  
 Love first compos'd his Voice, and learn'd to sing  
 Love that was so all o'er, and did not know  
 Himself the Use of either Torch, or Bow. (Love and  
 Swains of themselves, and Nymphs untaught, did as lie  
 And by a Thousand Ways their Passions prove  
 Mixing with e'ery Word a softer Smile,  
 And Whispers longer Kisses did beguile.  
 Virgins blush'd not to shew their new blown Romance  
 And all their Beauties did, unmask'd, disclose  
 The unripe Apples of their Breasts, which now  
 Are hid with Leaves, and ripe, but for one grow  
 Passionate Lovers by the Fountain play'd, (made  
 Quenching those Flames there, which their Glance  
 Thou Honour first of all didst hide that Spring  
 Increas'dst the Fire, yet didst no Water bring;  
 None to assuage the Thirst that inward turns,  
 And on it self, for want of Fuel, burns.  
 Thou first gav'st Laws to th' Motion of the Eye;  
 Taught'st it to frown, Disdain, and Cruelty;  
 Didst in a Dress imprison that bright Hair  
 Which was before so courted by the Air;  
 And hast such Reins on all our Passions laid,  
 That Words, nay, Looks, was of thy Laws afraid.  
 From these it is, O Honour, that we prove  
 Thieves, to procure what was the Gift of Love:  
 And all that we by thy Atchievements gain,  
 Is, that we may with greater Sense complain.

But say, great Pow'r, who e'ery where dost sway,  
 Whom Love and Nature (as we them) obey:  
 Ruler of Kings, why waits thy Greatness here,  
 Where Pride and Luxury dare not appear?  
 Alas, these Huts thy Lustre cannot hold;  
 There's Love, no Honour, in the Shepherd's Fold.



sing rather, and disturb some Gallant's Breast;  
 so break the Soldier's, or the Courtier's Rest;  
 and leave us to our selvss, who chuse to be  
 a little minded by, as we mind, thee:  
 poor neglected Train, who would retrieve  
 the Golden Age, and by their Pattern live.  
 let's love for Life and Years, have no long Truce,  
 since one Hour many Changes can produce,  
 let's love. The Sun, that e'ery Ev'ning dies,  
 and all Night buried in the Ocean lies,  
 revives next Morn with an illustrious Ray,  
 and first renews his Age, and then the Day:  
 but when our Cloudy Day of Life is done,  
 Eternal Night and Sleep succeeds our Sun;  
 Then whilst we live, let's, undisturb'd, love on. }

Eye;  
 Conjectures on the Loves of Night and Day.

A Poem.

fraid  
 Kind Night and Day both Nature's Off-springs  
 are; (fair,  
 And though the First's black Dress makes her less  
 Yet in her Jetty Robes not less desir'd,  
 But gay, in Sables, spark'd with Gems, attir'd.  
 She must be priz'd who friendly does bestow  
 Her many Bounties on all Things below:  
 Soft Sleep on Man, so to unbend his Cares;  
 And all Irrationals for Rest prepares;  
 Whilst smoothly glide the unregarded Stars,  
 Patching her Face, which if in one combin'd,  
 Somethink the Day would be by Night out-shin'd:  
 Her sweet descending Dews refresh the Earth,  
 And give, as 'twere, to dying Plants new Birth,

Which Day's hot Beams has near a Period brought,  
 And still by Lovers is her Favours sought,  
 She't ring the Blushes of the bashful Fair,  
 And with her Sable Mantle throwds their Fear.  
 Yet whilst she thus does others Good design,  
 For Love, her self in Mourning-Weeds does pine,  
 And fain with Day she would in Wedlock joy,  
 Who courts her too in all his brightest Rays,  
 And on her Beauties does at distance gaze:  
 But Fate forbids to her his kind Access,  
 And she's decreed to flee with'd Happiness:  
 Day mixes Sighs with fragrant Flowers, to send  
 His melancholy Charmer, which extend (mend  
 O'er her dark Empire: These, though she com-  
 As, as a choice Token of his Love, yet flies (Skies  
 At his Approach, through the vast Defart of the  
 Yet 'tis unwillingly, and like her Sex,  
 Who oft, against their Wills, their Lovers vex;  
 They would comply, but Modesty or Pride (chide  
 Makes them do that, for which themselves they  
 Yet here it is not so, she fain would meet,  
 But that a Boundard is between them set:  
 Laws of Creation bar these Lovers Bliss,  
 And make them sigh for what they'll ne'er possess  
 Yet feeble Hope makes her neglect no Charms,  
 To draw him on into her willing Arms;  
 She quickens her black Beauty, which absconds  
 In Jet, with bright Celestial Diamonds;  
 With glowing Rubies, seeded o'er with Light,  
 She does with silent, calm, soft Looks the Day in-  
 To kind Embraces; but it cannot be, (vite  
 As barr'd by Fate's irrevocable Decree.  
 Now, whether Time, their Parent, grudges it,  
 Or thinks not an Incestuous Marriage fit;  
 Or that an Union of their mixed Love,  
 Fatal to both, the Death of both should prove;

Or

Or else confound the Universal Frame  
 By strange Disorder, to their endless Blame,  
 We cannot well determine, yet we find,  
 Fate seems to pity them, who love, unjoin'd,  
 And fain would meet, but are by him restrain'd  
 From consummating Joys, for which they're  
 pain'd,  
 And seem to pine and languish: Yet, lest Day,  
 Muff'd in Mists, should to Despair give way,  
 And gloomy Vapours veil his Golden Hair;  
 And lest Night's Sorrow should make her less fair,  
 By tearing off her sparkling Gems, and so  
 O'er all Creation a sad Darkness throw,  
 Each Morn and Ev'ning they, by near Approach,  
 Have Leave almost each others Hands to touch,  
 Whilst kind *Aurora* and fair *Venus* prove  
 Pitying Assistants to their gentle Love,  
 And with the Touch of their soft Hands convey  
 Ease to their Minds, whilst Dewy Tears display  
 The Sorrow they conceive by Nature's Spite,  
 And on each Herb their mournful Thoughts indite;  
 Whilst *Zephir's* Sighs express he's pained to see  
 The Day pursue, and Night constrain'd to flee.  
 Yet these short Moments of an Interview  
 Renew their Love, and make it constant too;  
 Which fain with Kisses they would steal, but still  
 Fate crosses them, and interrupts their Will:  
 Yet some have fancy'd Day draws in his Light,  
 And steals to the Pavilion of the Night,  
 That so he, undescry'd, may revel there,  
 And rifle her black Beauties; whilst her Care  
 Each Morning is, to wrap her self in Rays,  
 And so secur'd, prevent all Eyes that gaze  
 On his bright Fires, from seeing where she is,  
 Or diving into her Intrigue of Bliss;



And tir'd with Joys, steals out to take the Air  
 When Ev'ning comes, and then Day looks less fair  
 For her black Robes his glitt'ring Beauties shroud  
 Whilst Darkness the transparent Air does croud,  
 Unless the Silver Moon, with borrow'd Light,  
 Join'd with the Stars, does cast some Shades of  
 Light.

Yet we conclude not this, but still remain  
 To think they in Pursuits and Flights feel Pain,  
 Though it is kindl'd with the pleasing Fires  
 Of Wishes, Hopes, and tempting soft Desires;  
 Whilst they revolve through the Eternal Round,  
 And in Pursuit and Flight Vicissitude is found.  
 Days, Weeks, Months, Years and Seasons come  
 and go,

And on the World large Blessings do bestow.  
 'Tis Fate, indeed, denies this Pair to join;  
 But our proud Beauties fly out of Design  
 To be pursu'd, sigh'd for, and give us woe,  
 By Sights and Frowns they hourly on us throw;  
 Yet wish, like the Celestial Lovers too,  
 For those Embraces which they do eschew.  
 May such, like those above, their Hopes ne'er gain,  
 But endless Disappointments make their Wishes  
 And all their Beauties spotted with Disdain. (vain,

*On the Sun's Retiring, and Winter's Approach.*

A Poem.

**A** Las! retir'd—— Farewell beloved Light,  
 To leave us shiv'ring in long Shades of Night;  
 Nought but corroding Cold, and gloomy Shade  
 Succeeds the mournful *Exit* thou hast made.

All

All Nature's Sweets exhaust themselves in Sighs,  
Languid and drooping mourn thy Obsequies;  
Careless, away our gay Attire we throw,  
And a dull Sadness sits on e'ery Brow.  
Now no fair Nymphs in flow'ry Meadows play,  
And with their Beauties make a brighter Day:  
No active Shepherds bathe their pliant Limbs;  
No Pleasure-boat now dances on the Streams.

Nor is it Man alone their Sorrows vent;  
Beasts sigh their Griefs, and, as they can, lament.  
The Plants, though Men to them a Sense deny,  
The greatest Grief of all do testify;  
They do not barely mourn, but also die.  
This they most do; but if by chance there's one,  
Whose Stock of Moisture don't decay so soon,  
Who 'bove the common Fate erects its Head,  
And 's bravely green, when weaker ones are dead,  
Some bleak North Wind blasts its aspiring Top,  
Or in a Grave of Snow lies swallow'd up;  
So forc'd to shrink into its warmer Urn  
There to expect thy long, long wish'd Return:  
But then, as soon as thy refreshing Rays  
Ungaze the Streams, and lengthen our short Days,  
With joyful Leaps it rends the parting Ground,  
And then more verdant than before 'tis found.

But e'er that happy Time approach again,  
Winter will shew a long and tedious Scene;  
Winter, the Year's Old Age, Old Age's Death,  
That chills all Pleasures with its freezing Breath.  
But fond Complaints and fruitless Sighs are vain;  
Fate has so link'd the Seasons in a Chain,  
Then to bewail what can't be avoided be,  
Is to increas, not ease our Miserie.

126 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

Then to dull Age let's pining Care bequeath;  
And Sorrow to the fancy'd Ghosts beneath.  
Let all but Mirth be banish'd quite from us;  
We'll swim in Pleasure, and with Joy carouse:  
Each Day shall sprightly Wine our Brains inspire,  
That shall supply the Want of *Phæbus* Fire,  
And raise the Fancy—— kindle brisk Desire:  
Then e'ery Night we'll taste the Joys of Love,  
Through all its secret rav'ning Lab'rins thes rove;  
And melting in the Arms of some kind Fair,  
We'll lie transported in the warmer Air;  
Where eager Kisses, and a close Embrace,  
Shall Winter's bleak Idea quite deface.

*The Mournful Lover, on the Death of his  
Fair and Vertuous Mistress.*

A Poem

**N**O more let Teeming Earth's kind Bosom  
yield  
Her Balmy Sweets; to grace the smiling Field.  
No more let the bright Streams forsake their Head,  
To bathe the fertile Meads.— *Dorinda's* dead,  
Whose beauteous Bosom nobler Sweets did yield,  
Than all the various Glories of the Field;  
Soft as those gentle Rills that round them play,  
Not fleeting so, but far more pure than they.

No more let Leaves adorn the drooping Trees,  
But on their Boughs Eternal Winters freeze.  
Let Roses all their blushing Beauties shed,  
And Lillies hang their Heads— *Dorinda's* dead.



Secretary's Vade Mecum. 127

Set in her Bloom of Youth, who late out-vy'd  
The Leavy Groves, in all their Verdant Pride:  
Ruddy as blushing Morn, or Rose new-blown:  
And by her Whiteness, Lilies lost their own:  
Admir'd by Great Ones, gaz'd at by the Croud;  
O'er-aw'd the Wanton, and did shame the Proud:  
The gentlest Shepperdels of all the Plain;  
Ador'd by me, and prais'd by e'ery Swain.  
Where e'er she came, therais'd a constant Spring;  
The Rocks turn'd Pastures, and our Kine wou'd  
Their Udders strutting home—— (bring  
The Bee-Hives soon with noblest Sweets o'er-  
flow'd;

And shooting Oaks, as if to greet her, bow'd:  
When e'er she left the Field, the drooping Trees  
Drop'd their pale Leaves around: The lazy Bees  
Starv'd in their empty Cells; the Flocks decreas'd;  
And all the Rural Sports and Musick ceas'd.

Sweet is the tender Grass, and gawdy Flowers;  
So is the Field new-dash'd with Pearly Showers;  
Fragrant the Banks of e'ery Crystal Stream,  
And Virgin-Loves are a delightful Theme.  
More sweet than all is dear *Dorinda's* Name,  
Fragrant as Vertue, and as large as Fame;  
Soft as the Coolings of the gentle Breeze;  
To weary Shepherds soft as murm'ring Trees  
When fan'd with Zephir's Breath, and purling Rills,  
Which o'er smooth Stones a Teeming Rock distils.  
Soft as the Mournings of her dying Swain;  
Harmless as Sports on Flow'ry *Tempe's* Plain:  
More soft, more harmless dear *Dorinda's* Mind;  
From all the Dross of common Clay refin'd.  
But, Ah! pale Death has snatch'd the lovely  
Inexorable, and not to be stay'd; (Maid;  
In a dark Vault the Lifeless Corps he's laid.

Her

128 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

Her Cheeks no Lilies now, nor Roses grace;  
 But Humid Paleness has usurp'd the place.  
 When first abroad the do'eful News was spread,  
 And the sad Eccho sigh'd *Dorinda's* dead,  
 My Blood run back, chill Horrour did convey  
 Ice to my Veins: In Sorrow all the Day,  
 Clouded I fate, and wish'd, like *Niobe*,  
 I might her Mourner, and her Marble be:  
 Turn'd to a Stone, I might have that Content,  
 But to embrace her as her Monument.  
 Yet Fate consented not, and I must live  
 More ling'ring Days, to have more Time to grieve.  
 Nor I alone her early Fate dep'ore;  
 The grieved Flocks their Pastures mind no more;  
 The whisp'ring Woods *Dorinda's* Death condoll'd,  
 From Hill to Hill the dismal Tidings roll'd;  
 And e'ery Rill, supply'd by weeping Springs,  
 Now to the Main a Mournful Tribute brings:  
 The Clouds do weep, and gloomy Sables wear,  
 Condoling her, who living, was Earth's Star;  
 And carry'd to her Grave all that was good and  
 fair.

---

*Love made Impotent; or, The Disappointments.*

A Poem.

I.

ONE Day the Amorous *Philander*,  
 By impatient Passion sway'd,  
 Surpriz'd fair *Sylvia*, that Enchanting Maid,  
 Who could defend her self no longer.

All

All things did with Love conspire :  
 The Gilded Planet of the Day  
 Was just descending to the Sea,  
 In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,  
 And left no Light to guide the World,  
 But what from *Sylvia's* Eyes was hurl'd.

II.

In a Lone Thicket, made for Love,  
 Silent, as yielding Maids consent,  
 She, with a charming Languishment,  
 Permits his Force, yet gently strove.  
 Her Hand his Bosom softly met,  
 But not to put him back design'd ;  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet.  
 Resistance 'tis too late to shew ;  
 She wants the Pow'r to say--- Ah--what d'ye do?

III.

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,  
 Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,  
 Fresh Vigour to *Philander* give :  
 And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,  
 She cry'd--- Cease--- cease--- your vain Desires,  
 Or I'll call out--- What would you do ?  
 My dearer Honour, e'en to you,  
 I must not--- cannot--- give--- Retire,  
 Or take that Life, whole chiefest part  
 I gave you, with the Conquest of my Heart.

IV.

But he, as much unus'd to Fear,  
 As he was capable of Love,  
 The happy Minute to improve,  
 Kiss'd her Lips, her Cheeks, her Hair.

Each



130 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

Each Touch his new Desires alarm'd ;  
His trembling, burning Hand he press'd  
Upon her melting Snowy Breast,  
Whilst she lay panting in his Arms.  
All her unguarded Beauties lie,  
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V.

And now, without Respect, or Fear,  
He seeks the Object of his Vows ;  
His Flame no Modesty allows :  
By swift Degrees advancing, where  
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd  
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice ;  
The Awful Throne, that Paradise,  
Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd :  
The Living Fountain, from whose Trills  
The melting Soul in Balmy Love distils.

VI.

Her Ruby Lips encountring his,  
In sweetest Union were combin'd ;  
Where both, in Transports unconfin'd,  
Extend themselves upon the Moss.  
*Silvia*, half dead, and breathless, lay ;  
Her Eyes appear'd like Humid Light,  
Such as divide the Day and Night ;  
Or Falling-Stars, whose Fires decay :  
And now no Sign of Life she shows——  
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

VII.

He saw how she expanded lay ;  
He saw her Rising-Bosom bare ;  
Her loose, thin Robes, through which appear  
A Shape design'd for Love and Play.

Aban-

Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,  
 She does her softest Sweets dispense,  
 Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence  
 A Victim to Love's potent Flame;  
 Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,  
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a Thousand Joys,  
 The too transported, hapless Swain  
 Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Rain;  
 Pleasure, which too much Love destroys.  
 The willing Garments by he laid,  
 And, Heav'n all open to his View,  
 Mad to possess, himself he threw  
 On the Defenceless, Lovely Maid.  
 But, Oh!-- What envious Fates conspire  
 To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire.

IX.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid,  
 She can no Humane Being give,  
 It self now wants the Art to live;  
 Pain thes its slacken'd Nerves invade.  
 In vain the enrag'd Youth essays  
 To call his fleeting Vigour back;  
 No Motion 'twill from Motion take  
 Excess of Love, his Love betray'd.  
 In vain he toils, in vain commands;  
 Th' Insensible fell weeping in his Hands.

X.

In this so Am'rous cruel Strife,  
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,  
 The poor Philander, in De pair,  
 Renounc'd his Reason, with his Life

Now

Now all the brisk and active Fire,  
Which should the Nobler Part inflame,  
Had left no Spark for new Desire:  
Not all her naked Charms could move,  
Or calm that Rage which had destroy'd his Love.

## XI.

*Sylvia* returning from the Trance,  
Which Love and soft Desires had bred,  
Or guided by Design, or Chance,  
Upon the fabulous *Priapus*,  
The potent God, as Poets sing;  
But never did young Shepherdess,  
Gath'ring of Flowers upon the Plain,  
To make a Garland for her Swain,  
More nimbly draw her Finger back,  
Finding beneath the Verdant Leaves a Snake.

## XII.

Than *Sylvia* her fair Hand withdrew,  
Finding that Prop of her Desires  
Disarm'd of all its potent Fires.  
And cold as Flowers bath'd in the Morning-Dew,  
Who can the Nymphs' Confusion guess?  
The Blood forsook the tender Part,  
And threw'd with *Hygiea* all her Face;  
Which doth Disdain and Shame express,  
And from *Phryxus*'s Arms she fled,  
Leaving him panting on the Gloomy Bed.

## XIII.

Like Lightning, through the Grove she hies;  
As *Daphne* from the Delphick God.  
No Print upon the Grassy Road  
She leaves, to instruct pursuing Eyes.

The



The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,  
And with her rump'd Garments play'd,  
Discover'd in the flying Maid  
All that e'er Nature made of fair  
So *Venus*, when her Love was slain,  
With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

XIV.

The Nymph's Resentment none but I  
Can well imagine, or condole:  
Yet none can guess *Philander's* Soul,  
But those that sway'd his Destiny.  
And nothing now his Fury spares,  
His silent Grief swell'd up to Storms;  
He bans his Birth, his Fate, his Stars;  
But more the Shepherdess's Charms,  
Whose soft, bewitching Influence  
Had damn'd him to the Depth of Impotence.

*In Contempt of Worldly Vanity.*

A Poem.

There is a Tax that must be pay'd to Fate,  
By each aspiring Soul that dares be Great:  
Some Adverse Motto the brave He declares,  
Who aims at Heav'n, and does design the Stars.  
No Minor Vertue, Vulgar Piety,  
Can have the Priv'lege of Adversity.  
No, 'tis for Souls that heighten'd Notions move,  
Refine their Nature, and advance their Love.  
Those, against Threats, and Racks, and Hell, have  
In spite of Flames, irrefragably good. (stood,  
Since Death's intail'd, and we are Heirs to Sin,  
'Twill cost us Pains before we can refine;

For

For we are dull and Emphathetick Clay,  
Which Sweat must moisten e'er it will give way.  
To calcine Nature, sublimate each Thought;  
And raise the Soul to Heav'n, from whence 'twas  
brought;

Now pent in Veins, and to the Body given:  
She fights with Flesh, and fiercely sighs for Heav'n;  
And must obey whilst now the Limbs controul,  
Yet darts a Wish into the distant Pole.  
So a chain'd Eagle, forc'd to grovel, lies:  
Remove the Clog, and suffer her to rise,  
Away she mounts into her Native Skies.

---

*Man Deceived; or, Seeming Beauty.*

*A Poem.*

**E**ACH Lover thinks the Object of his Flame  
The greatest Beauty, Nature e'er did frame;  
Though she be least what she would most appear,  
Whilst Dress and Artifice embellish her;  
Though all the Snow and Roses in her Face,  
To Art's well-temper'd Colours owe their Grace;  
Though her white Teeth, in Order to compleat,  
Are e'ery Morning constantly new set;  
Though High-rais'd Shoes, and Artificial Hair,  
Her Height advance, and Baldness does repair;  
Though her warp'd Body she wears arm'd in Steel;  
Though lean as Famine; all her Bones you feel;  
Though all that makes her lovely in the Day,  
She e'ery Night does on her Toy'er lay; (Charms,  
And when once strip'd of these, her borrow'd  
She's perfect Hag, to fright you from her Arms.

ay. A Love-Poem, in Commendation of a Beautiful Lady, &c.  
i was

THE happy Day when first I gaz'd on you,  
And saw all Heav'n expos'd to Mortal View:  
Unjustly we of *Phaeton* complain;  
Your Looks have set the World on fire again:  
Looks so Divine, so lovely bright, so pure;  
Not uncompound'd Essences are more.  
Modest, as she who first salutes the Sky,  
And blushes at th' Approach of *Rhæbus* Eye.  
Pleasant as Spicy Blossoms, which consume  
And breath away their Lives in rich Perfume.  
So like our Mind, which through the purest Skin,  
Displays its Nunnery of Thoughts within.

With such a Grace the precious Flies appear,  
Enthrinn'd in Crystal, or an Amber Tear.  
But, sure, you have no Matter; sure, your Mind  
Is clad in Substances of Souls refin'd:  
Or else Dame Nature longer did delay,  
Curious to find some nobler Piece of Clay, (way. }  
Whilst your impatient Form stole unarray'd a- }  
Or else Heav'n lent you, thus to let us see,  
What at the Resurrection we shall be.  
You shew the World, by your exalted Flame,  
That Love is more than what 'tis thought, a Name;  
And, free from Dross, the purer Part enjoy,  
Which Time can---not, like Vulgar Loves, destroy.  
Advance then, Beauteous Maid, till you improve }  
Platonick, to Divine Seraphick Love, }  
And share below the Bliss of those above.  
The Bounteous Gods, to make you happy, join'd  
A Graceful Body to a Gen'rous Mind.

Nor



Nor Riches only they on you bestow;  
 But, which is best, the Art to use them too  
 Wisdom they to their Darling Daughter give,  
 Which tell you how to speak, and how to live.  
 Health next, and Fame they added to the Store;  
 And having giv'n you these, can give no more.

---

*Quaint Complemental Expressions to the*  
**MALE SEX.**

**S**IR, I am an Admirer of your Vertues, which have bound me to your Service, in the strictest way to oblige you.

*Sir*, I think it the greatest Happiness in the World, that I am accounted worthy to be esteemed your Friend.

*Sir*, If the whole Business of my Life can make a Retaliation for the many Favours you have heaped upon me, I shall think my Endeavours well bestowed.

If any thing, *Dear Sir*, is in my power to oblige you, make it your Request, and call it your Command.

*Sir*, Your Favour has revived me; and it must be my Study to find Means to be accounted worthy of so great a Benefit.

*Sir*, I shall ever esteem your Happiness as my own: Nor can I esteem my self happy in partaking of any Blessing, you share not with me.

*Sir*, Could you conceive how earnestly I labour to pay an Acknowledgment due to your Merit, and how little I am able to perform it, you would, past all Peradventure, pity my fruitless Labours.

*Sir*,

Sir, I will make it my Study, and shall be proud if I can find out a Way to oblige you.

Sir, I have slightly, by Fame, heard of your Worth; but in your Conversation, I find it has exceeded Report, and would have put her out of Breath to have founded your true Praises.

Worthy Sir, As I am an Honourer of True Worth, I cannot place my respects any where better than in centring them in your self.

Sir, Above all Men living, I am bound to you; and, Bankrupt-like, must own, my Stock is spent that should have paid the Debt, whilst I despair to raise another, answerable to the Obligations I lie under.

Sir, Let me embrace you with all the tender Endearments of a Friend; and you esteeming me so, will enlarge my Happiness.

Sir, I am the humblest of your Servants; and though I was pain'd with the Sense of your Danger, yet a secret Joy bore up my Discontents, whilst my Ears were fill'd with the pleasing Sound of your noble Actions and Atchievements.

Sir, I am the humblest, and most obedient of your Servants; and ready to do your Pleasure at all times.

---

Quaint Complementary Expressions to the  
FEMALE SEX.

**M**adam, Gazing on your Beauties, I forget my self; and raise my Desires above my Expectations.

Pardon me, Dear Madam, for this bold Intrusion, and vouchsafe me to be register'd among the  
Number

Number of your Admirers, and I shall conclude my self the happiest of Mankind.

*Madam*, Blame me not for my Pretensions to Love, since Irresistible Fate pushes me on; and if I offend herein, impute it to my Misfortune, more than my Fault, and give me Generous Pity.

*Madam*, Your Eyes are the Load-Stars by which I must steer to the Haven of my Happiness, or be ever lost in a tempestuous Sea of Discontent, and be in danger to be dashed and broken on the Rocks of Despair.

Happy (*Fair Lady*) is the Man that lives in the Sunshine of your Favour, who can smile on him transporting Joys at your pleasure.

*Madam*, Your admirable Vertues far exceed the fading Charms of Beauty, and are Gems inestimable.

*Madam*, Since you refuse to let me live in hopes of enjoying your Favour, keep me not on the Rack, but shew a noble Pity, by giving me leave to die, whilst you ascend to Joy in my happy Rival's Arms.

*Fair Lady*, Your Seraphick Beauties lay Snare to intrap my Soul, by making me turn Idolater, and pay my Devotions to you, as a Deity.

*Madam*, Be for once merciful, and cure the Wounds you have made: Suffer me not to live in Pain, when it is in your Power to give me Ease.

*Madam*, Instruct me to find some Requital for the Favours you have heaped upon me, and you shall see with what Readiness I will obey you.

*Madam*, The Roses and Lilies in your fair Cheeks are continually blooming: Eternal Springs dwell when Nature is wrapped in Winding-sheets of Snow.

I beseech



I beseech you, *Madam*, frown not on me, nor  
loud that Heaven of Beauty which dazles with  
Resulgent Light, lest a horrid Night surrounds  
my starting Soul.

*Some Stanza's and Disticks, by way of  
Complement and Courtship.*

I.

**M** Adam, as *Cynthia*, 'mong't the vanquish'd  
Stars,  
Your Lustre shines; nay, dazles more than hers  
When she comes forth to gild the Sable Night,  
In her full Orb, and rich Majestick Robes of Light,  
Bright'ning with Rays the Universe all round,  
Whilst she with Golden Sun-beams, set with Stars,  
is Crown'd.

II.

*Madam*, You are the Nation's Boast, and Pride;  
You but appearing, other Beauties hide;  
A strange Eclipse upon their Glories bring,  
And make what else seem'd bright, a cloudy thing.

III.

*Madam*, If I offend, forgive my Fault,  
Since I to do it, by your Eyes was taught.

IV.

Ah! now y'are kind; you now have made me  
bless'd:

After long, tedious Toil, y'have giv'n me Rest.  
The Land of Promise kindly you bestow;  
And now no farther I desire to go.  
Come all ye softer Beauties; come and see,  
How, Love-united, kindly we agree,  
And taste the Earnest of Eternity.

V. Once,

## V.

Once, Beauteous Maid, I fancy'd I was free,  
And cou'd your Eyes, secure from Danger see;  
But, fatal to my Peace, I was deceiv'd,  
And now must die, unless by you repriev'd.

## VI.

*Madam*, I'm serious; pray, believe 'tis true;  
Or Time will sadly set it to your View.  
Oh! trifle not with one who is your Slave;  
Lives by faint Hopes. and so delays his Grave.  
Yet when the dazy Mists swim round his Eyes,  
And his freed Soul's just mounting to the Skies,  
Though by Unkindness slain, he'll mourn your  
Grief,

Whilst short, thick Breath catches a parting Life.

## VII.

Fame, Honour, Riches, I to you resign,  
Since 'tis all Night when you refuse to shine.

## VIII.

Pleas'd with your Smiles, I ask no greater Bliss;  
Higher Ambition wounds my Happiness.

## XI.

Forgive my Crime, thou fairest of thy Kind;  
And with that Mercy beautifie thy Mind.

*Burlesque, or Banter, on the M A L E  
S E X.*

**S**IR, I would willingly prostrate my self at the  
Foot-stool of your Understanding, if you will  
be so kind as to direct me where to find it: Other-  
wise, I protest, I dare not attempt it, lest I should  
injure you, or my self the rather, by stumbling  
on your Ignorance.

*Sir,*

Sir, I should be proud to court your Friendship, did not an odd Whim come into my Head, that it would prove as troublesome to me, as it has done to others.

Sir, You are so extreamly pleasant, that were you among the Wits, they would take you for a Moving Comedy, and Criticize upon you.

Well, Sir; I know not what makes me thus strangely fond of you—— But yet, methinks, I am never happier, than when you are generously pleased—to take your self from me.

Sweet Sir, Let me intreat you to desist from your Jestings, lest the Landresses curse you for making the Ladies be foul their Smocks, in striving too hard for a forc'd Fit of Laughter.

Good Sir, We know your Greatness; any one may see you are a Man of Bulk: And as for your Incomes, they'll never fail, whilst Intruders grow fat at other Men's Tables.

Pray, Sir, may it please you, for the Satisfaction of those who desire your Absence, to let me have the Satisfaction of waiting on you home.

Sir, Your gay Nonsense is exceeding taking to all that delight in it; therefore you would do well to get a Patent to ingross it wholly to your self.

Oh, how happy, Sir, would the Man be, that possesses the Grant of your large Promises, were it not for that ungrateful Monster Non-performance.

Sir, You look gay, as Juno's Eye-tail'd Bird, who spreads his Plumes to be gauped at: And for Wisdom, you equal the Long-bill'd Creature, that rather chuses to run into the Snare, than seem a Coward to shun it.



*Burlesque, or Banter, upon the FEMALE  
SEX.*

**M***Adam*, How shall I praise you sufficiently, unless you kindly instruct me; for, I protest, I shall, otherwise, be altogether ignorant of of your Vertues.

*Dear Lady*, How proud am I of your Conversation, who are so great a Restrainer of Youthful Vices, that seeing your Face, all Letchery is Antidoted!

*Lady*, You bless those you bestow your Favours on with such Abundance, that they are satiated, and desire no more.

*Madam*, So ponderous are the Obligations with which you load me, that if I lay them not aside, I may chance to faint under the Burthen.

*Sweet Lady*, The Twinkles of your Eyes appear like two Twin-Stays, peeping through a misty Night; and give as fierce a Light as two glorious Candle-Snuffs, winking in the Socket, to shew us how near their Lustre is expiring.

*Madam*, Your Face rivals the *Imax*, appearing to our View, a Rock of Rubies, in gaining which Riches, 'tis plain, you have been kind to your self.

Ah, *Madam*! How charming you are! What coming Temptations make you desirable to all that are fond of being Jilted!

*Madam*, Your Nets are curiously laid; but the Meshes are so wide, that even the Senseless Gullies you intangle escape e'er you have Time to secure them.

*Madam,*

*Madam,* Your Inclinations to pursue Vertue are apparent many ways, as we are bound to believe by your own Expression; but you creep such a Snail's Pace after it, that it is a Hundred Pounds to a Nut-shell, whether you will ever overtake it.

*Madam,* We doubt not but Nature might have design'd you fair, had not Deformity, unawares, crept in, and rumpled your Beauties in her Mold.

*Madam,* We must of necessity have a melancholy World if Death should deprive us of you, seeing you are all over Comedy, and the Acting Stage of Genual Recreation.

*Madam,* Though some may boast of Pearls, cover'd with Coral Lips, your Treasure exceeds far the Yellowness of the one, and the Blueness of the other; adorning your Beauties with Saphyrs and Crysolites.

*Madam,* You are so all over obliging, that I must study the Art of Memory, lest I shou'd forget wherein you have favour'd me; whilst your Memory fails not to tax me with Ingratitude.

*Madam,* You are all over so charmingly pleasant, that, did not other Business call me away, I could willingly spend a dozen Minutes, to let you know how passionately I admire you.

*Courteous Lady,* You are so favour'd by your Fate, that Visitants keep at an awful Distance, as commanded from too near an Approach by the Arabian Perfumes of your Breath.

*Puns and Repartees.*

**M** Adam, I vow, you look wondrous pretty :  
You are not only So-so, but handsom to  
a Miracle.

Sir, I wish I could say as much by you, to retaliate your Complement ; but it being impossible, unless I be-lye my self, or wrong my Judgment, I shall pass it over.

Fair Lady, Since Fortune has thrown me in your Way, thus I kneel, to beg a Kiss of your brown Hand.

Truly, Sir, How kind Fortune has been to you, I know not ; but, truly, she has dealt somewhat unmannerly with me, in throwing such a Block in my way, to interrup my Walks.

Truly, Madam, your Beauties shine like the Wings of a Raven ; casting a Lustre from their very Night.

And under that Favour, Sir, it seems, you are ventur'd abroad ; for the Lustre of the Day confines Owls to their Dormitory.

Alas, Madam, did I but know your Worth, I might, for any thing appears to me to the contrary, account you worth the prizing.

Truly, Sir, though yours is very well known, you have, sure, met with ill-natur'd Acquaintance, for, it seems, no body thinks it worth valuing, but your self.

Madam, Your twinkling Eyes, behind your black Vizer, look like Stars peeping out in Day-time, when the Sun is Eclipsed.

You say right, Sir, and it has wonderfully satisfied me ; for, in Truth, Sir, I always took your



your Understanding to be so clouded, that, had I not thus play'd at Bo-peep with you, it seems, I should never have known that you had been witty.

Well, *Madam*, I see you keep up your wonted Humour ; as frolicksom as ever. Is it not time your Wild Oats were scattered ?

Truly, *Sir*, it is ; and I could never have lighted on a better Opportunity to do it, seeing I have a Gander ready to pick them up.

*Madam*, however merry you may be to your self, I know not ; but to others, your Laughter looks so like Crying, that it ministers Cause of Affliction.

*Sir*, I am sorry any Action of mine should infuse a Heaviness into you, since your own Dullness is a sufficient Weight to press you into Melancholy. But I'll be judg'd by any one, if your Mimical Gestures would not compel others to make wry Faces, or laugh, to prevent Spewing.

*Madam*, I am so much yours, that whatever you command me, I shall do what I list.

*Sir*, I am not ignorant that Fools are obstinate.

**ACROSTICKS on NAMES,**

With Directions how to proceed by this Method, to any other not mentioned.

**A** CROSTICKS are only Quaint Poems, or Verses; each Line beginning with a Letter of any Person's Name, till the whole Name is finished.

**E X A M P L E S.****I.**

M--adam, your Beauties represent the Skies;  
A--ll pleasing fair, to take the Gazers Eyes.  
R--estrain'd by you, the Wanderer here stays,  
J--ournies no farther, but his Search delays,  
A--nd thinks none can be fairer, wheresoe'er he

**II.**

(strays.

A--rt here is useless; Nature decks her Face,  
R--oses and Lilies strive in it for Place,  
A--nd shew that Native Beauty does excel,  
B--eing long-liv'd; nor can Art draw so well.  
E--nvy no Stain or Spot can fix on you;  
L--ove, as your Beauty in you too, is true;  
A--ll things conspire to give your Fame its due.

**III.**

E--steem'd by all, and you deserve it too;  
L--ove's soft Desires in Hearts does brood for you.  
I--nsensibly you charm, and cannot miss  
S--ecurely to obtain whate'er you wish.  
A--Brave Retreat, when-e'er you please, you make:  
E--ut fly not so, some kind Admirer take;  
E--mbrace him in your Snowy Arms, and then  
T--ell me what Cause you have to run from Men;  
H--ad you done that, you'd soon return again.

**IV. P--ra-**

IV.

P--raetise no more your subtile Arts, but be  
A--s kind as the first lovely charming she,  
R--efin'd from Man, to a much purer Mold;  
T--aste Love, like her whilst Innocence did hold:  
H--appy 'twas then, all natural; and no Art  
E--clips'd the Bliss, it reign'd in e'ery Part:  
N--ature supply'd it with those solid Joys  
A--rt now has pall'd, and oftentimes destroys,

*In this manner you may proceed to any; and if you see it convenient, place the Christian and Sur-names in their due Order, and furnish these with various Subjects.*

## ENIGMAS, With their SOLUTIONS.

### ENIGMA I.

**I**'M call'd Unconstant, and Offensive too,  
Though I a restless Task, for Good, pursue:  
Time and I are of an equal Age:  
Sometimes I'm soft, at other times I rage.  
I rove the World about, yet e'ery where  
I am perceiv'd; and All my Bounty share.  
Rising from Deeps unseen, wing for the Sky;  
And where I list, without Controull, I fly.

### SOLUTION.

*The Wind's unconstant, and sometimes offends  
By Boist'rous Storms, but to our Good most tends.*



## E N I G M A II.

I'm by a gentle Breathing first begun,  
 And by the same my Shape is carry'd on :  
 More frail than brittle Glass, but not so true ;  
 All present Things I represent to View,  
 In Colours various, still in Shape the same.  
 Bloated, a while I ape the Heav'nly Frame ;  
 But when to full Perfection I am brought,  
 Away I fly, and vanish swift as Thought.  
 Proud Mortals, whom the fawning Crouds adore ;  
 I'm next to nothing, and you are no more.

## S O L U T I O N.

*A Bubble floats a while, but soon is gone :  
 So are the Things we so much doat upon.*

## E N I G M A III.

My Parents, from the Earth, aspiring high,  
 Dy'd long before my Birth ; yet I  
 Grew great from them, and tall : With Wings I  
 And to the World do advantageous prove. (mover  
 Whilst Living Bodies I entomb, good store,  
 I make my Way over some Thousands more.  
 When I abroad do go, I'm wish'd again ;  
 And many for my sake are oft in pain ;  
 But my Return hushes their Cares ; so I  
 Unbowel'd am, their Wants so to supply.

## S O L U T I O N.

*With Oak and other Things a Ship is made,  
 Which Sails the Main with Canvas Wings, to Trade.*

O D E S on fundry Subjects,  
or Occasions.

*True Love.*

I.

**M**Ark, when the Ev'nings cooler Wings  
Fan the afflicted Air, how the faint Sun,  
Leaving undone

What they begun,

Those spurious Flames, suck'd up from Slime and  
To their first low Birth (Earth,  
Resigns, and brings

They shoot their Tinsil Beams, and Vanities,  
Threading with those false Fires their Way:

But as you stay, and see them stray,  
You lose the flaming Track, and subtile they  
Languish away, and cheat your Eyes.

II.

Just so base Sublary Lovers Hearts,  
Fed on loose, prophane Desires,

May for an Eye

Or Face comply;

But those remov'd, they will as soon depart,  
And shew their Art,  
And painted Fire.

Whilst I, by pow'ful Love so much refin'd,  
That absent, yet my Soul is still the same,  
Can with the Element of Lust and Sense  
Freely dispence,

And court the Mind.

Thus to the North the Load-stones move,  
And thus to them th' enamour'd reel aspires:

Thus Anchoret I do affect;

150 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

And thus by winged Beams, and mutual Fire,  
Spirits and Stars conspire :

And this is Love, (Things neglect.  
That does poor Souls refine, and makes them Drossy

---

*To his Mistress, on her parting from him.*

I.

**S**O when the beauteous Soul prepares her way  
To the far Country of Eternal Day, (Stay,  
With such swol'n wishful Eyes the Body courts her  
As I did on my parting Life, my Mistress, look  
When she the fatal Farewell took,  
And left her Turtle here alone,  
Whilst with her Presence she does grace  
Some over-happy Place ;  
Happy as that to which bless'd Souls are gone.

II.

In vain Astrologers pretend to know  
What Accidents shall happen here below, (shew  
What Weather, what Eclipses, the bright Planets  
Their Calculations for some other Countries run,  
Not made for Love's Meridian.  
In vain they say 'tis Summer here,  
Now my fair Nymph is gone ; 'tis she  
My Kalendar must be ;  
'Tis she divides the Season of my Year.

III.

Now Storms of Rainy Tears, and black Despair  
Have taken up their Winter-Quarters here,  
And Sighs that chill my Heart with more than  
(Northern Air  
Greenland's a temp'rate Clime, compar'd with frost  
Inhabited by Lovers Hearts : (zen Part  
When



When Absence does her Beams with-hold,  
Ah! sure, you'll guess this Chill to be  
Beyond the Eighth Degree,  
When he that's all on fire complains of Cold.

IV.

To what a Nothing am I grown? And now  
Scarce know I live, but by the Thoughts of you.  
So Flow'rs that to the Spring their painted Glories  
(owe, (grant Way,  
When she on Zephir's Gales has wing'd her fra-  
In drooping wither'd Looks their Grief betray;  
But at her bright Return, no more  
Their melancholy Heads they hide;  
But with an early Pride,  
Start from their Beds, as glorious as before.

*The Debauchee.*

I.

**H**OW quickly are Love's Pleasures gone!  
How soon are all its mighty Triumphs  
In vain, alas! do we the Banquet taste, (done!  
Whose Sweets, as swift as Thought, are past.  
In vain do we renew the Fight,  
Whom ev'n the first Alarms do basely put to flight.

II.

Happy great *Jove*, who in *Alcmena's* Arms  
For three full Nights enjoy'd Love's Charm:  
Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to obey;  
And pimping Darkness did seclude the Day;  
Whilst in vast Joy the half-spent God did sweat,  
Joys as his Lightning fierce, and as his Godhead  
great.

III. Bravely

## III.

Bravely begun! Oh, had he mounted higher, (fire  
 Fed still with vig'rous Thoughts, and fresh De-  
 Were I but *Jove*, my boundless Reign should  
 But one continu'd Scene of Love; (prove  
 In Extasies I would dissolving lie,  
 As long as all the mighty Round of vast Eternity

---

## EPIGRAMS on fundry Occasions.

### EPIGRAM I.

**F**Air is your Face, an Oily Tongue you have;  
 Yet what serve these for, but Man to deceive?  
 Like the Land-Syrenes, list'ning to your Note,  
 They're Shipwreck'd and devour'd when once they  
 Upon the fatal Shoars, in hopes that there (float  
 They shall be succour'd by the charming Fair.  
 This is the Lot of most that trust your Wiles,  
 Who carry sure Destruction in your Smiles.

### EPIGRAM II.

**A**mbition is the Saint to which you pray; (way.  
 It swells your Mind, and uncontroll'd, makes  
 But hark a little; Could you reach your Aim,  
 Riches, Honour, Power, Revenge and Fame;  
 Would these suffice? No, you'd be mounting higher.  
 This push'd the mighty Angel to conspire:  
 No Seas of Bliss suffic'd, nor all the Glories giv'n,  
 Till big-charg'd Thunder drove him down from  
 Nay, his De-feat he boasts, and proud'y fell. (Heav'n.  
 So may they fare, that with Ambition swell.

EPIGRAM III.

**I**F when I'm under Cut-Beard's dang'rous Hands,  
He my Estate and Liberty demands,  
I'll give it, and what else the Rogue would have ;  
For then he does as Thief and Shaver crave :  
And Fear, to any Terms can make us sloop.  
But when his dreadful Razor's once put up,  
Should he but such another Motion make,  
I'd quickly break the sawcy Rascal's Neck.

EPIGRAM IV.

**T**Hough thou dost Cassia breath, and Foreign  
Gums,  
Enough to put thy Mistress into Fits ;  
Though *Rome* thy Hair, and *Spain* thy Gloves per-  
fumes ;  
Few like, but all suspect these borrow'd Sweets.  
The Gifts of various Nature come and go ;  
He that scents always well, does always so.

EPIGRAM V.

**D**ress'd like an Angel you appear ; your  
Breast  
Soft as the Clouds, where little Angels rest :  
All seems enticing. So the Snake that roll'd  
Up the Forbidden Tree, was speck'd with Gold  
And Azure, whilst the happy heedless Pair,  
Admiring this, were taken in his Snare.  
So those whom your bright Looks draw on, won't  
fail  
To feel, and curse the Sting that's in your Tail.



## EPIGRAM VI.

**C**Loris, why all this Scorn? Some say, y'are  
 pain'd  
 To force it on your self, and that 'tis feign'd.  
 Well, 'tis no matter; it may stand in steed:  
 And Things well tim'd, will help us at our need.  
 I find the Jig on't now; you seem thus nice,  
 Since Cullies come but slow, to raise your Price.

## EPIGRAM VII.

**S**IR, by your rigling Gate, and Jaunty Mode,  
 There should be Breeding, at much Cost, be-  
 Upon you: Uniform from Top to Toe: (stow'd  
 I do protest you're an accompish'd Beau.  
 Why, you will give the Ladies Pain hereafter;  
 But then 'twill be the pleasing Pain of Laughter.

## EPIGRAM VIII.

**G**OOD Sir, what makes you strut? I pray,  
 whence come ye?  
 Now, now I know ye; but I must not name ye:  
 You are the Man that does pretend to Sense,  
 Law, and State-Politicks. But, pray, from whence  
 Came all this Knowledge? Whence this mighty  
 Pride?  
 Pray, let Men know how Things go on your side,  
 Lest the old Proverb on you some should press,  
 That *Wisdom dwels not with Conceitedness.*

---

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Choice Songs,

As they are Sung, and in great Request at the Court, Theatres, Balls, Musical Entertainments, and other Select Places. Being, for the most part, taken from the Original Copies ; very rare, and scarce.

---

*The Distracted Lover. A Song.*

I.

**I** Love to Madness, rave t' enjoy ;  
But Heaps of Wealth my Progress bar:  
Curse on the Load that stops my Way,  
My Love's more rich, and bright-er far.  
Were I press'd under Hills of Gold,  
My fu—rious Sighs should make m' Escape :  
I'd sigh, and blow up all the Mold,  
And throw the Ore in Celia's Lap.

II. Were't

## II.

Were't thou some Peasant, mean and small,  
 And all the spacious Globe were mine,  
 I'd give the World, the Sun and all,  
 For one kind brighter Glance of thine.  
 This Hour let *Celia* with me live;  
 And, Gods, could I but of you borrow,  
 I'd give what only you can give,  
 For that dear Hour I'd give to morrow.

---

*On Beauty.*      A Song.

**B**Eau—ty, like Kingdoms, not for one was made,  
 To be pos—ess'd a—lone:  
 By bounteous Nature 'twas design'd  
 To be the Joy of Humane-kind.  
 So the bright Planet of the Day  
 Doth, unconsum'd, his Beams display,  
 And gen'rous Heart to all dispense,  
 Which else would die with—out that Influence.

---

*Stolen Joys.*      A Song.

## I.

**W**Hen *Sol* descended to the Deep,  
 And Clouded Stars gave me no Light,  
 I stole to *Celia*, in her Sleep,  
 So she'er'd by the gloomy Night.  
 I crept into her open Arms,  
 Which Chance on purpose so had laid;  
 But going to possess her Charms,  
 Kind Love awoke the frightened Maid.

II. She



II.

She sigh'd and trembl'd, as in fear,  
 Whilst on her Rising Breasts I lay;  
 Crying, Alas, alas! who's here,  
 That seeks a Virgin to betray.  
 'Tis, I my Dearest, I reply'd.  
 Ha, you! said she: Oh, pray, forbear.  
 And softly out she cry'd;  
 But so, that none should hear.

III.

After faint Struglings, Joy commenc'd,  
 And in a Trance she fell;  
 And freely to my Pow'r dispens'd  
 Transports too fierce to tell;  
 Leaving her thus, I'm sure, well pleas'd,  
 Unless for my Retreat.  
 The Ice thus broke, her Coynefs ceas'd;  
 And often we did meet.

*The Bully.* A Song, in Two Parts.

I.

*Bully,* **M**Ake room for a Bully, or I'll your  
 Bones rattle. (Battle?  
 Zo——s where is the Man now that dares talk of  
 What, Scoundrels, d'ye fly me? Ay, 'tis your best  
 Way:  
 Off goes Heads, Legs, Arms, if that any dare stay.

II.

*Gent.* Come, come, Mr. *Bully*, 'twas I that was talking.  
*B.* Was't so? Of Fighting-Nay, then I'll be walking.  
*G.* Did

158 *Wit and Eloquence ; or the*

G. Did not you late bluster what great things you'd do.

B. But when I said so, Sir, I ne'er thought of you,  
Or thought y' had been gone, or I had not come here.

G. Well, Bully-Ruffin, then take Kicking Chear.

B. From a Friend I will take it, Sir : But should  
one kick me

That was not my Friend, see how angry I'd  
But a Kick at your Service, Sir, always is free.

---

*Coyne's reprov'd. A pleasant Song.*

I.

**A** Curse upon the Faithless Maid,  
Who first her Sex's Liberty betray'd :  
Born free, as Men, to love and range,  
Till nobler Nature did to Custom change ;  
Custom, that dull Excuse of Fools,  
Who think all Vertue to consist in Rules.

II.

From Love our Fetters never sprung.  
The smiling God, all wanton, gay and young  
Shews by his Wings he cannot be  
Confin'd to resting Slavery ;  
But here and there at random roves,  
Not fix'd to glit'ring Courts, or shady Groves.

III.

Then she who Constancy profess'd,  
Was but a well Dissembler at the best :  
And that Imaginary Sway  
She gave, in seeming to obey,  
Was but the Heighth of prudent Art,  
To deal with greater Liberty her Heart.

*The Gallant's Resolution.* A pleasant Song.

I.

**N**OW I'm resolv'd to love no more,  
But sleep by Night, and drink by Day :  
Your Coyness, *Phillis*, pray give o'er,  
And turn your tempting Eyes away :  
From Ladies I'll withdraw my Heart,  
And place it only on the Quart.

II.

I'll place no Happiness of mine,  
Fantastick Beauty still to court ;  
And say she's Glorious and Divine :  
The Vintner makes the better Sport.  
And when I say, My dearest Heart,  
I only mean it to the Quart.

III.

Love has no more Prerogative  
To make me desp'rate Courses take ;  
Nor me to solitary Places drive :  
I'll all my Vows to sparkling Wine now make,  
VVhilst Beauty may go sob and pine :  
All Beauties join'd, have not the Charms of VVine.

IV.

'Tis VVine alone that chears the Soul ;  
But Love and Ladies make us sad :  
I'm merry while I court the Bowl ;  
VVhilst he that courts the Madam 's mad.  
Then, Ladies, wonder not at me ;  
For you are coy, but VVine is free.

, there is a  
All other joy surpasses, O,  
It is that  
When e'er they wag their a—s, O.

*The*



*The Cautious Fair One. A Song.*

## I.

**N**O, never hope I'll change my Mind :  
 No--no--no--- tho I my Scorn and Ri--gour  
 Fond Kind--ness kills what Lo--ve design'd (feign:  
 To have pre--serv'd by wise Dis--dain.  
 VVhole Years you strive a Fort to take,  
 VVhich, when--'tis won, you scorn to keep :  
 Thus Love, when hun--gry, kee--ps awake ;  
 But soon, when sa--ted, fa--lls, fa--lls a--sleep ;  
 Soon fa ----- ll's a ----- sleep.

## II.

No ; could you once possess my Heart,  
 Which I'm resolv'd shall never be,  
 I'd let you know the Female Art  
 Of Constant in Inconstancy.  
 Forgive me if I false can prove,  
 Since I my Sex's Rules pursue :  
 'Twill only shew you that I love  
 Like you, to be always untrue.

*Love's Combat ; or, The Bashful Bride.*

A pleasant Song, much in Vogue.

**T**HE Danger is o--ver, is over ; the Danger  
 is over :

The Battle, the Battle, the Battle, the Battle is past  
 The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her  
 Fears ;

But she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd at last  
 She try'd the En--counter, and when it was done  
 She smil'd, she smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she  
 had won.

By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd  
been pleas'd :

Her Blushes be—come her, her Passion is eas'd :

She dis—sembles her Joy, and af—fects to look down,  
Down, down, down :

Our sighs, 'tis for Sorrow, for Sorrow, for Sorrow,  
gn: For Sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

*Passion Discovered.* A Song.

I.

**I** Cannot sigh and wish alone,  
Though to speak may be in vain :

I re'er can be afraid to own

A Passion I must entertain.

If then this Address accuse,

Blame your faulty Charms, not me ;

'Tis but just they should excuse,

Since they cause this Liberty.

II.

A mod'rate Passion unreveal'd,  
Smother'd in my Breast has been ;

As dying Embers are conceal'd,

Burn a while, and not be seen.

But when Wit and Beauty join,

Such a Fire as mine to raise,

Who can its fierce Rage confine ?

It must needs burst forth, and blaze.

*The Unconstant.* A Song.

I

**U**nconstant ! That Word strikes me more  
Than the bright Lightning of your Eyes,  
That

162 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

That made my yielding Heart your Prize,  
Which none could ever do before.

II.

Ah! Like a cruel Murd'ress too,  
You fly from your poor Lovers slain,  
Some other Victim to pursue,  
And conquer by your proud Disdain.

III.

But why should I from this despair,  
Or at Unconstancy repine,  
Since only Change can make you mine,  
Now you, at length, another's are?

IV.

What though the Heavens beauteous Fame  
Duly delights around to move;  
It still returns again the same,  
And does renew to it our Love.

V.

'Tis pity too, methinks, that she.  
By Love and Beauty, sure, design'd,  
Made for one alone should be,  
But to please all Mankind.

*The Soldier's Advice.* A Song.

I.

**Y**OU whom cruel Syl-*via* charms,  
Leave the Nymph, and run to Arms,  
To A-----rms;

Leave the Nymph, and run to Arms:

Whilst Ho---nour calls, whilst Ho---nour

For War pre-----pare (calls

Whilst Honour calls, for War pre-----pare

Then return, then return,

To win the Fair.

II. Love



II.

Love, like Fame, is Va---lour's due :  
 Be but da---ring in the Field ;  
 Those who can a Foe subdue,  
 A Foe sub---due,  
 Force a Mistress soon to yield,  
 Force a Mistress soon to yield.  
 Love, like Fame ; Love, like Fame ;  
 Love, like Fame, is Valour's due ;  
 Love, like Fame, is Valour's due ;  
 And to the Valiant they'll be true.

Celia's Fondness. A Song.

**C**E---lia's fond, too long I've lov'd her ;  
 C---lia's fond, too long I've lov'd her :  
 Too much Flame, too much Flame  
 Con---su---mes the Fu---el :  
 Much she pleas'd, much she pleas'd,  
 When first I mov'd her ;  
 But much more, but much more,  
 When sh---e was cruel.  
 E'er she lov'd, e'er she lov'd,  
 I did a---dore her ;  
 And give o---ver, and give o---ver,  
 Thus, thus, thus, thu---s before her ;  
 And give o---ver, and give o---ver,  
 Thus, thus, thu---s before her ;  
 Thus, thu---s before her.

I.

**C**OME happy Nymph, ador'd by all ;  
 The Pride and Glory of the Spring :  
 Hear, O hear thy Strephon call,  
 Who to thee does Love's Off'ring bring,

Made

Made up of Vows, ne'er to be broke :  
 Then let us to the shady Grove,  
 And there the Deity invoke  
 To bind in everlasting Bonds of Love.

## II.

Never to part, nor know Inconstancy ;  
 But ever, ever, ever feed the Flame :  
 Like Vestial Fires, that never die,  
 In Youth and Age, love still the same.  
 We'll teach the World more Constancy.  
 No envious Fates sha'll shake our Mind ;  
 We'll be the same until we die.  
 Then Love endless in our Joy---'s assign'd.

---

## I.

**W**Hat cruel Pains *Corrinda* takes,  
 To force a harmless Frown !  
 When not a Charm her Face forsakes :  
 Love cannot lose its own.  
 So sweet a Face, so soft a heart,  
 Such Eyes so very kind,  
 Betrays the silly Art  
 Vertue hath ill design'd.

## II.

Poor, feeble Tyrant ; who, in vain,  
 Would proudly take upon her,  
 Against kind Nature, to maintain  
 Affected Rules of Honour.  
 The Scorn she shews so helpless proves  
 When I plead Passion to her,  
 That much she fears (yet more she loves)  
 Her Vassal should undo her.

## III. Then

III.

Then strain not so thy pretty Face,  
 Not us'd to be distorted;  
 But there keep up each winning Grace,  
 And ever be kind-hearted.  
 Woman her Glory does impair  
 By Frowns, more than by Smiles:  
 A Face so clouded can't be fair,  
 Nor take Men in Love's Toils.

*The Indifferent Lover; or, He would, but cannot.*

I.

**L**ong have I wish'd to know what 'tis to love,  
 And taste that vulgar Pain;  
 Yet still my Wishes backward fly,  
 And, by the God unpitied,  
 Desire and pray in vain:  
 More deaf than blind the Boyish God does prove;  
 I'm with Indiff'rence chil'd, whilst others burn with

II.

(Love.

Come, King of Hearts, let mine be fill'd with thee;  
 Drive out this hateful Cold,  
 Or I thy Godhead will decry,  
 And 'tis a Poetick Lye,  
 To Children to be told.

A God unjust! No, this can never be: (me.  
 Yet so's that partial Power that makes all love but

III.

Earth, Air and Seas confess thy Lawless Reign:  
 Thou savage Beasts canst tame:  
 Birds, whilst amidst dry Waves they fly;  
 Fishes, that cut the Liquid Sky,  
 Slight not a nobler Game.

H

My



— My Heart's more soft ; strike deep, I fear no Pain  
Hard is his Fate, alas ! who wishes to be slain.

## IV.

Come Imp, a Shaft : Why all this dull Delay ?  
Hast thou spent all thy Store ?  
And art thou flying to supply  
Thy Bankrupt Stock at some fair Lady's Eye ?  
The needless Chace give o'er :  
Invade my Breast, my Heart will soon obey ; (betray)  
The Fort must quickly yield, while th' Out-works

## V.

I ask not one whom none can parallel  
In Beauty, Wit and Youth :  
Let me but love, and I am well ;  
So she hath Sense and Truth,  
I'll think she doth the brightest Nymph excel ;  
For, sure, none such is found without a Miracle

## VI.

See, see the stupid Trees ; behold the Spring :  
In e'ery thing Love's Heat's infus'd ;  
Here kindly Oak and Ivy join,  
There lovingly the Elm and Vine ;  
And must I be refus'd ?  
In vain, I find, I call thee Buzzing Thing ; (thy Sting)  
Great Mars claims all my Breast, and shields it from

*A Song upon seeing a Pink in his Mistress's  
Bosom.*

## I.

**A**H happy Flower ! Pride of all  
That dress the gaudy May !  
What Monarch would not humbly fall,  
And throw his Crown away ?

His Heart, like you, might be a Guest  
In the fair Palace of bright *Celia's* Breast.

II.

How red the flaming Leaves do grow,  
Warm'd by her neighb'ring Eyes!  
Oh, that it would but melt that Snow  
That in her Bosom lies;  
And keep out Love, as the Cold Zone  
Forbids the Kisses of th' approaching Sun.

*The Captive.*      A New Song.

I.

**E'**ER *Phillis* with her Looks did kill, (was ill:  
My Heart re—sisting, my Heart re—sisting,  
Now in its Wounds I find a Cure;  
When most they bleed, I least endure.

II.

For, though 'tis Death those Looks to meet,  
There's Life in dying at her Feet,  
Kill, *Phillis*, then; kill with your Eyes:  
If you let *Strephon* live, he dies.

III.

Such Mysteries are in my Fate,  
That when your Eyes their Beams abate,  
A Thousand Frosts are in my Veins,  
And I endure a Death of Pains.

*A Scotch Song.*

I.

**S**awney is a bonny, bonny Lad;  
But Sawney kens it well:  
And Sawney might a Boon have had,  
But Sawney loves to tell.

He wenes that I mun love him ;  
 Soon gi'n Lov---ers now are rare :  
 But I'd as lief have none,  
 As one that Twanty, Twanty share.

## II.

When anent your Love you come,  
 Ah, *Sawney*! were you true,  
 What though I seem to frown and gloom,  
 I ne'er could gang from you.  
 Yet still my Tongue, do what I can,  
 With muckle Woe denies :  
 Wae's me, when once I'se like a Man,  
 It boots not to be wise.

*Innocent Love's Imitation.* A Song.

## I.

**Y**oung I am, and yet unskill'd  
 How to make a Lover yield ;  
 How to keep, or how to gain ;  
 When to love, and when to feign :  
 Take me, take me, some of you,  
 Whilst I yet am young and true,  
 E'er I can my Soul disguise, (Eyes  
 Heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts, and roll my

## II.

As yet I know no cunning Arts,  
 To make you sigh, and wound your Hearts.  
 Don't delay then, lest I prove  
 In time as cruel in my Love  
 As those that make you suffer Pain,  
 And in fruitless Hopes complain ;  
 Learn to frown, and grow so coy,  
 That you'll despair, you'll despair, me to enjoy.

*A Song*



*A Song sung before the King.*

**H**E leaves, he flights, he flight—ts his precious  
Rest,

To force a rest—less Na—tion to be bless'd.

Such Va—lour, Prudence, Piety,

Had, 'in spight of Odds, in spight of Odds,

Like Britain, like Bri—tain, set 'em free :

'Spight of Odds, 'spight of Odds, like Bri—tain,  
set 'em free.

But an—gry Heav'n, but an—gry Heav'n,

A while disco—ver'd Rage,

To scourge, to scourge an impious Age ;

To scou—rge an impious Age.

*On Love. A Song.*

I.

**W**ELL, now, great Love, I plainly see  
Thy Conquest over Poetry :

The very Lawrel, that's from Heav'n secure,  
Must thy more potent Thunder-bolts endure.

II.

Ah me ! I feel thy pointed Smart :

Sure, Sense ne'er lodges in thy Heart ;

For yet the Knowledge of my Wounds does stay,  
Though on thy Wings my Heart is fled away.

III.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone, to that bright She,

Who now is all the World to me ;

Unto Dorinda, who does proudly sit

Upon the Throne of Beauty, and of Wit.

## IV.

But, pardon, Nymph; nor wonder why  
 My flaming Love dares aim so high:  
 You know, alas! all Fire does upward go,  
 And soars to Heav'n: Why should not mine do so?

*The Wounded Lover. A Song.*

## I.

**N**Ever any *Parthian* Bow  
 So many Pointed Deaths did throw,  
 So many Darts as you comprize  
 In the two Golden Quivers of your Eyes.  
 But, Ah! too like the cruel *Parthian*, you  
 No sooner gave the fatal Wound, but flew.

## II.

Yer, though you fly, still, in my Mind,  
 You've left your kinder self behind.  
 My Heart would sigh, but does not dare.  
 For fear it soil your pleasing Picture there.  
 So unseen Angels work in Fancy's Theam;  
 And glorious Nothings please us in a Dream.

## III.

Ah, me! How vain this Shadow is!  
 Can I content my self with this;  
 Or as the fam'd *Pigmalion* do,  
 And make a Mistress of thy Likeness too?  
 No; I in this should quite as vain appear  
 As he that was suppos'd to court the Air.

## IV.

No, no; the Substance I must have;  
 Or, wounded thus, sink to my Grave.  
 Oh, then return, and be more kind;  
 'Tis not enough to leave your Form behind:

'Tis

'Tis you, or Death must cure the Wound you gave;  
Then be as merciful as fair, and save.

---

*Melancholy Lydia.* A Song.

I.

**B**Anish, my *Lydia*, those sad Thoughts :  
Why sitt'st thou mu——sing so,  
To hear the Ug——ly rail at Faults?  
They would, they would, but can——not do ;  
For, let the Guilt be what it will,  
So small, so small Account they bear,  
That none yet thought it worth their while,  
On such an one, on such an one, to be severe :  
On such an one to be severe.

II.

With far more Reason thou may'st pine  
Thy self, for being fair :  
For, hadst thou but less glorious been,  
Thou of no Fault would'st hear.  
So the great Light that shines from far,  
Has had its Spots set down ;  
Whilst many a little, useless Star  
Has not been tax'd with one.

---

*The Power of Wealth.* A Song.

I.

**I**T is not the Silver nor Gold, of it self,  
That makes Men adore it, but 'tis for its Pow'r ;  
For no Man does doat upon Pelf, because Pelf :  
But all court the Lady, in hopes of her Dow'r.



172 *Wit and Eloquence; or the*

The Wonders that now in our Days we behold,  
Done by th' irresistible Power of Gold,  
Our Love, and our Zeal, and Affections do mould.

II.

It purchases Kingdoms, States, Sceptres, and  
Crowns;

Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;  
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Armies, and  
Towns:

Our Prime Laws were written in Letters of Gold.  
This lines Men's Religion, builds Doctrine and  
Truth;

With a Zeal of Profession the Canter endu'th  
To chub with kind *Martha*, or sweet Sister *Ruth*.

III.

This Marriages makes; 'tis the Centre of Love;  
It draws on the Man, and it pricks up the Woman:  
Birth, Vertue and Pass no Affection can move;  
Whilst this makes Lords stoop to the Brat of a  
Broom-man.

Gives Vertue and Beauty to th' Lass that you woo;  
Makes Women of all Sorts and Ages to do:

'Tis the Soul of the World, and the Worldling too.

IV.

This Horses procures, and Hawks, Hounds and  
Hares; (your Gelding:

This keeps your Groom, and your Groom keeps  
Buys Citizens Wives, as well as their Wares;

And makes the coy Ladies so coming, and yielding:

Gives boisterous Clowns their insuff'able Pride;

Makes Knaves and Fools in great Triumph to ride,

Whilst Beggar'd Honesty runs by their side.

The Separation.

A Pastoral Song; by a Shepherdess.

I.

Farewell my useless Scrip,  
And poor, unheeded Flocks;  
No more you'll round me trip,  
Or cloath me with your Locks.

II.

Fed by yon purling Stream,  
Where *Damon* first I knew;  
I only think on him,  
I cannot think on you.

III.

Farewell each Shepherdess;  
Ye loving Swains, adieu:  
May each his Wish possess,  
And to that Wish be true.

IV.

Of you, and all that's gay,  
Poor *Sylvia* takes her Leave:  
You love to laugh and play;  
I love to sigh and grieve.

V.

Your Oaten Pipes could please,  
But *Damon* then was kind.  
Your Rural Lays may cease,  
The Swain has chang'd his Mind.

VI.

You whom I seem'd to hate,  
Whose Love I paid with Scorn,  
Rejoice not at my Fate;  
For *Damon* I was born.

## VII.

Farewell dear guilty Cause  
 Of faithful *Sylvia's* Pain;  
 Thou'lt broke Love's sacred Vows,  
 And wouldst repent in vain.

## VIII.

I'll find some gloomy Cell,  
 Far, faithless Swain, from thee;  
 And there I'll pining dwell,  
 Till Death shall set me free.

*A Song made on a Lady, upon her fine Singing.*

## I.

**F***Loria*, whilst your Tuneful Sound  
 Diverts the Listning Grove,  
 My Heart receives a fatal Wound,  
 And moulders into Love.

## II.

But, gazing on your wither'd Charms,  
 I find a sudden Cure.  
 So Scorpions heal the fatal Harms  
 Their Sting makes Men endure.

## III.

Then dung the barren Soil with Paint;  
 If Love be your Design:  
 Though I adore the present Saint,  
 I slight the ratter'd Shrine.

## IV.

Were but your Beauties like your Voice,  
 So ravishingly fair;  
 You, above others, were a Choice,  
 I should esteem most rare.



V.

But since that little Stock you had,  
Time has been bold to waste,  
I prethee, *Flora*, look not sad  
Because by force y'are chaste.

*The Injur'd Lady.* } A Song.

**G**O, perjur'd Man; and if thou e'er return,  
To view the small Remainder of my Urn,  
When thou shalt laugh at my Religious Dust,  
And ask where's now the Colours, Form and Trust  
Of Woman's Beauty; and, perhaps, with rude  
Hands, rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd;  
Know, I have pray'd to Pity, that the Wind  
May blow my Ashes up, and strike you blind;  
That so all perjur'd Men may plainly see  
Heav'n's Justice in revenging it on thee.

*A Martial Song.*

I.

**H**Ark, brave Boys, the Cannons roar  
From the Warlike Belgick Shoar,  
Our Conqu'ring Arms prevailing.  
Poor *Monsieur* flies,  
With piteous Cries,  
His Wealth and Courage failing.  
The Storm of War drives on apace,  
Each Soldier wishes Battle;  
While Great *WILLIAM* gives the Chase,  
His Thunders bravely rattle.

II. Death.

## II.

Death, in Triumph, scowrs the Field ;  
 Our Enemies, they faint, and yield,  
 And leave their daring Standing :

Be Gar, says one,  
 Let us be gone,

King *WILLIAM* is commanding ;  
 On winged Flame the Bullets fly,  
 Our Men are faint with firing :  
 Why should we stand here to die ?  
 Poor *France* is near expiring.

## III.

Let such a Amazement *Monsieur* seize,  
 Till he's humbled on his Knees,  
 And his high Tower'd Ambition  
 Do stoop as low  
 As it can go

In Mortify'd Submission ;  
 And willingly, for Peace, resign  
 Whatever he has swallow'd,  
 From *Sein*, unto the *German Rhine*,  
 Or be in Blood still wallow'd.

## IV.

And for that Peace he now doth sue,  
 Who with Slaughter did embrue  
 So long his Neighbour Nations :

But *WILLIAM* Great  
 O'er-bore his Fate,  
 And made him cry Cessation.  
 So may War's Lawrels Palms-become,  
 But yet the Peace be glorious,  
 To refresh weary'd *Christendom* ;  
 Or still fight on Victorious.

*The Infacinated Lover. A Song.*

**N**O, no, no, no ; I n---ver can love thee less,  
 For all, for all thy fierce Disdain ;  
 So fast thy blooming, so fast thy bloo---ming  
 Charms increase :  
 Thy spark---ling Eyes my Heart op---press ;  
 Each Glance renews, each Glance re---news my  
 Each Glance re---news my Pain : (Pain ;  
 No, no, no, no, no ; I ne---ver can love thee less.  
 Yet must I fare like busie Flies,  
 Still to the Bright---ness turn ;  
 Pur---sue thee with my wish---ing Eyes,  
 Till as each flaming Blush doth rise,  
 In --sen--si--bly I burn.

---

*The Complaint. A Song.*

**T**Here's not a Swain on the Plain  
 Would be blest'd like me,  
 Oh, could you but, could you but, could you but  
 On me smile.  
 But you appear so severe,  
 That with trembling Fear  
 My Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat  
 All the while.  
 If I cry, Must I die? You make no Reply,  
 But look shy, and with a scornful Eye,  
 Kill me by your Cruelty.  
 Oh! Can you be, can you be, can you be,  
 Can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be,  
 Can you be, can you be so hard to me?



*A Catch.*

## I.

**C**ome, fill up a Bumper to *Bacchus*;  
 Let's see whe'er it sparkles, and's fine:  
 'Twill make all our Cares to forsake us,  
 And laugh at all those that repine;

## II.

Come, come, it will do, pass it round:  
 He that says nay, the Reck'ning shall pay,  
 Were it Five, nay, were it Twenty good Pound.  
 Come, come Boys, then dust it away.

*A Defiance to Love; or, The Soldier's Song.*

## I.

(mighty Charms

**H**E-ro-ick *Mars*! He-ro-ick *Mars*! What Al-  
 My troubled Soul ensnare!

I doa——ted still on glit——tring Arms,

And Glo——ries of the War;

Till pee——vish *Cupid* took a Dart,

Planted with Am'rous Fire;

Which entring in my wounded Heart,

Soft Pas——sion did inspire:

Soft Pas——sion did inspire.

## II.

Revenge, Great God, your Vo'try's Cause,

Exile the wanton Boy:

Let whining Sots obey his Laws,

And all the Plagues enjoy:

For in my Breast there is no room;

Fond Thoughts I disapprove;

'd sooner perish, than become

A Profelyte to Love.

He's pleas'd at last. A Song.

I.

**A**LL own the young Sylva is fatally fair;  
 All own the young Sylva is pretty;  
 Confess her good Nature, and easie soft Air;  
 Nay, more, that she's wanton and witty:  
 Yet all these keen Arrows at Damon still cast,  
 Could never, could never his Quiet destroy,  
 Till the cunning Coquet shot me flying at last,  
 By a *Je ne say, Je ne say quoy*,  
 By a *Je ne, &c.*

II.

So, though the young Sylva were not very fair,  
 Though she were but indiff'rently pretty,  
 Much wanting Aurelia's or Celia's soft Air,  
 But not the dull Sense of the City;  
 Yet still the dear Creature would please, without  
 And give one abundance of Joy, (doubt  
 Since all that is missing is mainly made out  
 By a *Je ne say, Je ne say quoy*.

Love's Rapture. A new Play-house Song

I.

**Y**E pretty Birds, that cheep and sing;  
 Ye Trees and Plants, that bud and grow  
 Ye fragrant Flow'rs, that bless the Spring,  
 Tell me, whence comes it you do so  
 Hark, hark, they answer; 'tis Celestial Fire,  
 The Gods call Love, that does all inspire.

II.

## II.

The sacred Flame that sweetly charms  
 My Soul when lovely *Cynthia* sings,  
 That all Creation Labour warms,  
 And Matter to Perfection brings.  
 The busie useless Sun may cease to shine,  
 'Tis Love that sheds the Influence Divine.

## III.

Then Lovers go on, get Heaven betimes;  
 He that loves well, atones for the worst of his  
 Crimes.  
 Jove's Gate is lock'd fast on the Sordid and Base,  
 But the generous Lover is sure of a Place;  
 And the Nymph her *Elysium* need question no  
 more,  
 When her Saint has a Key to open the Door.

*The Amorous Lover.*      A new Song.

## I.

**I**N vain, *Melissa*, we defend  
 Our selves against your conqu'ring Eyes,  
 Since each Mellodious Breath you send  
 Does through our Ears our Hearts surprize.

## II.

In you, Love all his Darts employs;  
 The secret Sparks your Eyes inspire;  
 The charming Accents of your Voice  
 Blow up into a raging Fire.

## III.

Thus whilst our Eyes and Ears are charm'd  
 By either Sense, we are betray'd;  
 For all Attempts thus doubly aim'd,  
 The Conquest's sure when you invade.

## IV. So



IV.

So Mariners their Ruin view  
When two fierce Elements conspire ;  
And whilst the Eager Flames pursue,  
In Crouds they drown, to shun the Fire.

---

*The Young Lass's Advice.* A new Song.

I.

**S**Crape, scrape no more your Beardless Chins,  
Old Beau's, in hopes to please ;  
You should repent your former Sins,  
Not study their Increase.  
Young Fops do daily shock our Sight ;  
But Old offend both Day and Night.

II.

In vain the Coach-man turns about,  
And whips the Dapple-Greys ;  
When the old Ogler looks out,  
We turn away the Face.  
Young and gay Love will ever charm ;  
But both affected, cannot warm,

III.

The Summer-Fruits we highly prize,  
They kindly cool the Blood ;  
But Winter-Berries we despise,  
And leave them in the Wood.  
On the Bush they may look well ;  
But gather'd, fail in Taste and Smell.

*A Song in Two Parts, by Doron and Celia.*

## I.

D. **T**HE World is full of Hurry ;  
 Our Heroes hunt for Glory,  
 To swell our future Story  
 With Deeds of high Renown.

C. Religion and Ambition  
 Make us in poor Condition,  
 Till for our sad Division  
 A gen'ral Peace attone.

## II.

The brawling War forsaking,  
 In Love new Trials making,  
 Instead of Cities taking,  
 I'll storm your Heart alone.

D. When the Enjoyment's hasting  
 Let Youth be slowly wasting,  
 And Beauty long a tasting,  
 I'll wish no Monarch's Crown.

## III.

When first the World and Water  
 Were form'd by the Creator,

C. Three only Things in Nature  
 Were worth a Mortal's Care.

D. First, Wit in bounteous Measure ;

C. Then Women for your Pleasure ;

D. And Mod'rate Store of Treasure,  
 To entertain the Fair,

a. *The Lover's Encouragement.* A new Song.

I.

**D**espair, de——spair no more ;  
The God of Love does Pity take,  
He Blessings has in store,  
And won't the World forsake.  
See—see, the Fair One smiles,  
Her stormy Frowns are past ;  
They were but Women's Wiles,  
To chain Affection fast.

II.

Come—come, rally once again,  
And bravely charge her home,  
And you the Conquest will obtain,  
And so reverse your Doom.  
The bold and brave Females admire  
But slight the sneaking Tribe :  
So *Jove* storm'd *Semele* with Fire,  
And *Darie* with a Bribe.

---

*A Call to Peace.* A new Song.

I.

**W**elcome sweet Peace, approach the wishing  
Isle,  
After long Toils of War, to make us smile.  
Great Blessing of the World, bring Joy again ;  
And Concord in a jarring Land maintain  
After Lawrels reap'd in many a Bloody Field,  
Crown us with Palms, and make War to thee yield.  
II Come.



## II.

Come gentle Peace, in all thy chearful Dress,  
 Clad in a full Plenty, and lasting Happiness;  
 Smile, smile upon us; Amends for Absence make—  
 And in thy charming Language, to each kind  
 Comfort speak:

In Palace, and in Cottage, in thy full Glory reign;  
 Never, never, never to depart again.

---

*Advice to Lovers,      A new Song.*

## I.

**C**OME all you young Lovers, and listen to me;  
 All you that wear Chains, and would from  
 them be free;

You that are neglected with Scorn and Disdain,  
 And for your kind Services suffer much Pain;  
 I'll open your Eyes, that you plainly may find,  
 Love is a Deceiver, and does Reason blind.

## II.

Those gaudy Delusions he makes you adore,  
 Are Things of no value, insipid, and poor;  
 Nonsensical, Apish; and borrow each Feature,  
 As the Jay did his Plumes, from the Spoil of the  
 Creature;

From Washes and Patches, the Sempstress and  
 Taylor: (sail her,

And, strip'd of these Charms, all her Beauty will

## III.

'Tis your Folly does raise her insuff'able Pride;  
 Your Praises in Chariots of Clouds makes her ride:  
 Call Reason then in whilst your Judgment prevails;  
 By mast'ring your Passion, you'll take down her  
 Sails. Do

Do you but stand off, and you'll find she, in brief,  
Will meet you half way with her Smock in her  
Teeth.

---

*The Crafty Filt.*      A new Song.

I.

**Y**Oung charming *Phillis* has an Air  
That makes each Swain admire her;  
Yet seeks to drive those to Despair,  
That most of all desire her:  
But such as carelessly pass by,  
Regardless of her Beauty,  
On those she casts a wanton Eye,  
And shews them Love and Duty.

II.

She follows those that fly her Charms;  
Those that pursue she shunneth;  
Against her Lovers uses Arms,  
But still, defenceless, runneth  
To court each Rustick, and does yield  
Her Pleasures to him *gratis*;  
Entices him to Belly-Field,  
To hum her *Nunquam satis*.

---

*Love's Prospect.*      A new Song. †

I.

**H**Ark how the Groves and Hills re-sound  
With the Warlike, Martial Sound,  
The Drums and Trumpets eccho:  
The Noble Warriors now do come,  
Laden with new-reap'd Lawrels, home,  
Which a bless'd Peace does make O.

II. Thus

## II.

Thus, when the Toils of War are done,  
 And Fears of mighty Dangers gone,  
 In *Venus* Tents we'll revel;  
 Those softer Wars pursue a main,  
 Strong Forts of Beauty quickly gain,  
 And lay the Proudest level.

## III.

Repair the Loss stern *Mars* has made,  
 Storm the Half-Moons where Love has laid  
 His Magazines of Treasure.  
 Resistance will be but in vain;  
 Nor need the Conquer'd Fear sustain,  
 When Conquest brings such Pleasure.

*The Cautious Maid.*

A new Song.

## I.

**G**O, naughty Man; you fain would win my  
 To triumph in my Spoils: (Heart,  
 But with it I will never part,  
 For all your crafty Wiles.  
 You now do promise fair,  
 Yet when your Ends you once do gain,  
 For poor me you will not care,  
 But leave me all alone, to sigh in pain.

## II.

Go, naughty Man; this I have try'd before;  
 And, alas! I was deceiv'd;  
 But never, never will be more:  
 Think not to be believ'd.

Though



Though you to marry me have vow'd,  
When once your Ends you do obtain,  
Then, then you'll grow so mighty proud,  
As to forget your Oaths, and quit me with Disdain.

---

*The Better Choice.*      A new Song.

I.

**W**Hat can the gaudy World afford,  
But trifling Vanities,  
Which with true Joys have no Accord?  
Those gilded Fopperies  
Of Wealth, Ambition, Honour, Pride,  
In all their Tinsel Dresses,  
Are as when a gay Cloud does ride  
On Winds, and forms Expresses.

II.

In various Shapes, to cheat our Eyes,  
And would delude our Senses:  
Such are all Earthly Vanities,  
Nothing true Joy commences.  
Then let us raise our Thoughts more high,  
Where is true lasting Pleasure;  
To Crowns of Stars, above the Sky,  
And an unfading Treasure.

---

*The jovial Lads.*      A new Song.

I.

**C**OME fill up a Bumper to *Bacchus*,  
And let the full Bowl go round;  
Let no Good Fellow forsake us,  
Till all the Glasses be crown'd:

And

And when they have circled the Board,  
Then fill them all up again:  
Hang him that does scrape, and does hoard,  
To get Wealth, and keep it in pain.

## II.

'Tis, tis uncertain, all Things that we have,  
We nothing with us can carry:  
The Miser must go to the Grave,  
As well as we Boys that are merry.  
Then whilst we live here let us sing,  
And cast away Care and Sorrow:  
Come, come, here's a Health to the King;  
He's poor that takes care for to Morrow.

---

F I N I S.

